



FROM  
CALCUTTA TO LONDON

BY THE  
SUEZ CANAL.

2397

CALCUTTA

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SL NO. 040158





## TO THE READER.

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THIS collection of recent letters, by the *Englishman's* "Roving Correspondent," now takes a less fugitive form. They are fresh from the localities indicated, especially from the Suez Canal. The writer has twice searched the Canal from end to end: *i. e.* both on his way to England and America, *viâ* Palestine and Hungary, in 1868; and again on returning to India in 1869. He has conversed with workers and contractors on the spot, and made use of the Suez Canal Journal, and the speeches and reports of M. Lesseps. These letters also shew the traveller to England, from India, a cheap and pleasant route across the Continent.



No. I.

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LETTER FROM

ADEN.

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March 7, 1868.—We parted on the 9th of January last, your Calcutta thermometer having gone down to 58 of Fahrenheit. I now greet you from Aden, 96 miles West of the gates of the Red Sea, and ten degrees nearer the Equator than Calcutta, with Fahrenheit at 74; and a delicious gale blowing night and day. Dr. L., in charge of an English Regiment here, says this climate is the finest in the world from October to March; and from April to September, (though *coup de soleil* is known, and a very rare case of cholera,) it is still a healthy one. With a sanatorium at Senafe, Theodore or his successor consenting, Aden may one day vie with Malta as an English port, and, in its fine harbor, and the volcanic grandeur of its horizon, even with Naples. It has ceased to be merely a lonely, barren rock at the N. W. corner of the Arabian Sea, and is fast growing into a busy town. It sees, at times, the arrival of a score of vessels

a day. In buildings, the peninsular part of the town,—that which the P. and O. travellers mainly take note of,—has more than doubled during the last five years. To be sure there is no Ice House here yet, but the Government have promised one, and it should have been ready ere this. An ice machine was tried, but failed for want of management. Off the peninsula, and some four or five miles away, about the cantonments where are two British regiments—there is a good-sized town of at least 30,000 Somalis, with a Vihar-like arrangement for catching and preserving rain-water in a ravine. The nine large tanks which have been contrived through the length of the gorge *en echelon*, receive their waters clean, from a wide stretch of bare rocks, and keep it pure for years; happily so, as three or four years may elapse between the showers. Besides the gorge water, however, there is a small stream within ten or twelve miles of Aden, to and from which camels continually come and go, each carrying good water in a dozen goat-skins about half the size of our Calcutta *mussucks*. A third temporary water-supply is that of P. and O. Company, in which they “condense” water for their own ships, the purest in the world, distilled

from the sea. Of this their steamers have an unfailing supply; and from Calcutta to Suez and back again, it is always iced. Some of the visitors yesterday, who dined on board our splendid *Mongolia*, would touch nothing in the way of drink but this, to them so rare a luxury, of iced water. Thus it is that the one obstacle which has been supposed insuperable, and one which would forbid Aden from ever growing into a city, namely, the difficulty of obtaining water, is in a fair way to be overcome.

The scenery here is unique and grand. Naked cliffs and volcanic ridges, clean of every touch of vegetable life, serrate the horizon fantastically, and rise as high as 1,700 feet. There is nothing exactly like this treeless, grassless, bare, black ruin in Europe—not even in the Tyrol, and while contrast in scenery is, as it always has been, a prime element of artistic power, the throne of desolation which Aden offers will not fail to be a source of interest and study. Near the water-level on the right, we see, among other erections, the new Protestant Chapel and the Post Office. On the left we have a neat block of a dozen two-storied buildings, including the Hotel, the Telegraph Office, and Cowasjee's establishment. Further westward, and

crowning a windy knoll, is the new American Consular home ; the present incumbent being W. H. Nichols, Esq., of Salem, Massachusetts. The house he occupies was brought out by ship, ready made, and put up in a day. It consists, mainly, of three good rooms, each 20 by 15 feet, and some 13 or 14 feet high, the total cost of which, barring the furniture, was two thousand rupees. It may interest your mercantile friends to know that among other good things which Aden has secured to itself, is the export trade in Mocha coffee,—the preferred fancy coffee of commerce, yielding some 20,000 tons a year. If I am rightly informed three Yankee merchants manage the whole of this trade, so that Mocha coffee goes to Europe and America in none but American bottoms. By the way, Ceylon coffee, the larger half of all we raise in India, my friend Nichols says, is too light colored, and lacks the rich green shade and richer flavor of the Mocha with its shorter and rounder grain.

The more imposing buildings here at Aden high above the water-level, and lying along the brow of the hill, are, first and most prominently, the new Barracks, in several blocks, admirably cool and airy. Talking with an intelligent young soldier

this morning in the arched stone verandah of one of them, I learned that his regiment had lost only eight men there in eighteen months, and two of these died from sunstroke, which overtook them in a rocky alcove where they had turned in to gamble, forgetting, in the excitement of their game, the sun and its deadly power. This statement was afterwards confirmed to me by the physician of the English regiment now in cantonments four miles from these barracks. Six weeks, I also learned, was time enough for our young soldier to write to his beloved and get an answer back. Moreover, the obnoxious three-pence of increased Indian postage is not laid on to Aden letters ; or, as I was twice assured at the post office here, on any letters sent to England or to India, by the P. and O. from *intermediate* places. The charge is confined to such letters alone as go from one extreme of the road to the other ; i. e., from the British terminus to the Indian, and *vice versa*. Besides the numerous and handsome barracks, on the higher slopes of Aden you see an imposing three-storied iron house or block, with pillared verandahs in each story, and a dozen long windows. This was erected for the use of the staff of the Sub-marine Red Sea



Telegraph, but is now used for regimental officers' quarters. The P. and O. Company's establishment comes next, with its neat ranges of dark green sunshades—an ornament and a protection which I miss in nearly all other directions. Above the next large building eastwards, floats the tri-color, marking unmistakeably the house and home of the French Consul. Further east rises the Observatory and its high-perched flag-staff watched by all eyes, at all hours, for incoming steamers and news-signals. As English shipping is more and more plying along this *southern* coast of Arabia,—Arabia Deserta and Arabia Petræa making three-fourths of Arabia, and this *sout<sup>h</sup>ern* border being Arabia Felix, the best part of it,—I have been at some pains to consult the best maps and charts, though without gathering much information. There is a traceable likeness between this line of coast and the Malabar or southwest coast-line of India from Bombay to Cape Comorin. A narrow strip of quite arable, and, in some spots, well-cultivated land lies along the sea-board for 600 or 700 miles, overhung by an abrupt ridge of what the best charts call “very high mountains.” Here and there you will find “a well of good water,” which seems to stand close

to the very surf of the ocean. It is impossible that springs of soft water should not find their way down from range behind range, of the hills that catch and comb the fogs of the Persian Gulf during the prevalence of the N. E. Monsoon, in whose teeth we have been beating up the Red Sea for several days past. *N. B.*—It is a stiff breeze from the north—but lasts, they say, only three or four-months. [You will note that we have left Aden—been tossed with heavy gales in the Red Sea—and that, having laid aside the pen I have just come to it again.]

About 150 miles east of Aden, which itself lies nearly 100 east of the doors of the Red Sea, stands a peak of the Jebel Hamari range. It is not more than fifteen miles inland. Its height, carefully taken, is found to be 5,284 feet. And if such as these be the outlying spurs, you may guess how lofty the hills go up behind them. They seem to be peopled by an extremely savage, or, shall we say patriotic, set of men ; for the Adenites say that an Englishman cannot go half-a-dozen miles out of town without being potted at by matchlocks watching and dogging him behind every bush. One Chief or Sheikh is very friendly, but he stands almost alone in his good will ; his neighbour, the

Sheikh of Hej, being of a dangerously opposite turn of mind. Not more than 40 miles northward from Aden, runs for 100 miles, parallel with the shore, the lofty range of the Jebel Yafai, and at either end of this are other similar Jebels, showing that, if required, a sanatarium may be found in Arabia Felix nearer than Abyssinia, (300 miles up the off side of the Red Sea,) among the Yafai or the Hamari, or in a line of hills called the Arah or "Chimney Peaks," or in the Umzook or Fudheli Jebels. It is not strange that such mountains should furnish hardy tribes of men jealous of foreign intrusion and able to repel it; nor that it is dangerous to go singly, or even in small companies, a few miles beyond the only English garrisoned town in Arabia. Thus one is doubly tempted to visit the fields from which our soldiers receive their fresh cabbages and other vegetable rations, lying green and most attractive just across a harbour, admirably land-locked, and so easy of approach as never to need a pilot.

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**No. II.**

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**IN THE**

**R E D   S E A.**

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*March 11, 1868.*—The little British Island of Perim, with its light-house and red cross flag, lies ninety-six miles W. N. W. of Aden: one-fourth of the way from Aden to Abyssinia. The Cape of Babel-Mandeb, the extreme south-west point of the great continent of Asia, so nearly touches Perim that it seems easy to throw a biscuit on it as we rush by. I have several things to tell you to-day on the authority of one of the ablest, and least talkative of ship-masters, our own Captain Stewart. Let me say first, that of the two channels into the Red Sea made by the Perim key, and known on the charts as the Large Strait and the Small Strait, steamers usually enter by the small, and sailing vessels by the large. From this tiny Gibraltar, to Massowah, at the upper end of Annesley Bay, is about three hundred miles. Nothing like fortifications have yet been placed on it, nor any mark of British possession beyond

its light-house and flag-staff. Out-lying from the Abyssinian shore, and for seventy-five or a hundred miles above and below Annesley Bay, now so much in the world's eye, the Red Sea is covered with islands, small, rocky, barren, without anchorage and dangerous to navigation. Their name is legion, though I do not remember any reference to them in your articles on Abyssinia. There are almost as many on the opposite or eastern side of the sea, which is here at its widest, being a little over two hundred *sea* miles broad. Sea miles, your readers know, are minutes of a degree, and it takes within half a mile of seventy of our miles to make sixty of them. A passenger just now suggested to our commander that Massowah may one day take the place of "this Aden, this wretched crater of a volcano," as a touching-place for the steamers of the P. and O. "Never," is his reply. "Massowah lies much too far westward for us, and is greatly out of our way." On the east coast, some forty or fifty miles north of Perim, lies Mocha, the half-deserted coffee-city. We have just passed it at such a distance that its minarets might be mistaken for a line of light-houses. But as it reaches the sea, the city at times shows well. It was once a place of considerable extent

and oriental seemliness. For the last three days gales sweeping directly down the Red Sea, are causing us a loss of half our speed, and pitching us all upon our backs. Much suffering results, at least to our lady passengers, and some thirty children, whom we are carrying from their Indian to their English homes. As the time for your Indian exodus to cooler regions and congenial air is about come, and your readers have practically but one-life boat, the P. and O., let me advise those who like good ventilation and much tidiness to try the *Mongolia*. She is a long boat, and a steady one, and withal a double-decker. I am fortunate enough to find her, to be sure, just out of dock. I could hint at one or two points of improvement suggested by a gentle passenger, who is a perfect English housewife, touching more snowy blanchéd linen, and an increased female attendance, if that were possible on submission days: but I can say truly that I have been able to detect no flaw in the arrangements of this fine ship. There is but one real nuisance on board and that is instituted by a majority of the gentlemen passengers who pay first class cabin fares. It is one that the P. and O. are, I suppose, powerless to prevent. Knowing me for a genuine hater

of tobacco, you need not be told to what I refer. Do use your influence to have the *locale* for this air-poisoning plague removed to the extreme aft of these roomy steam-ships. On every one of them, I think, at present, the smoke-house is just forward of the captain's state-room, amid-ships. Its effect is to double the already sufficiently distressing nausea that the ship's motion has given to our sisters, mothers, wives, and children. Many of them leave India in a state of exhaustion and almost prostration; and it is too bad that they may not be spared the further nausea of the tobacco tidal wave that now pours over them, and through all the best places for air and comfort from daylight to midnight, with hardly an hour's interval through the long, long voyage. Remove it if you can to better quarters. As we are nearing Suez, you will value a couple of lines from the ship's log book, enough to show the distances run from day to day. A moment's thought upon them will show you that we were pressed into double speed by favoring gales in the Sea of Arabia, and have been driven back to half that speed, or nearly so, by miserably high and head winds in the Red Sea. Let me say, for the comfort of after-comers, that we have had no rain, and that the temperature,

ranging by thermometer from 75 to 83 in-doors, has on deck been of the sweetest, all the way from Calcutta to Suez—from the 9th January to this 14th of March—never too warm, never too cold.

Omitting the days broken by calling at Madras—where, I should add, I delayed over a month—the log gives of—*our* miles run on full days, as follows:—From the Hooghly Sandheads, by the Steamer *Mongolia*, 186, 218, 221: from Madras 198, 253:—from Galle, 276, 278, 247, 317 (gale and sail) 260, 261:—from Aden 193 224, 192, 170, 215. We had a prompt, embarkation at Madras, on returning from a pleasant and well-managed excursion of several days, during which we fitly celebrated the long looked-for union of the two Railways in that Presidency. You have doubtless received the speeches made on the occasion at the Grand Marquée at Trichinopoly, 'as our friend Bradshaw of the *Madras Athenæum* always keeps his word. As disappointment was felt by some of the *elite* who were not invited, and as I, a stranger, should probably not have had the generous gift of these large hospitalities except as understood to be the Roving Correspondent of the *Englishman*, you will allow me to give you my thanks, and render due acknow-



ledgments, as publicly as may be, to W. S. Betts, Esq., the general worker-out of the whole affair, and the unwearied and successful master of ceremonies. He is well known as the able Traffic Manager of that southern wing of our Indian inland commerce ; and I trust it may be your good luck some day to make his personal acquaintance. It is too late now to revert to that special occasion, yet a scrap of South Indian geography may not be unwelcome to your readers in Bengal. Good maps of India are notoriously hard to find. It is not known to all that nature has largely compensated for the heat and general barrenness of those parts of India that lie towards the equator, in two ways : namely, by numerous rapid rivers, and by masses of hills that rise in magnificent plateaus, putting Simla, Umballa, Mussoorie, and Dhurm-sala to the blush, in the matter of green and flowering beauty, ghig arden and field productiveness, and plenty of riding, hunting and breathing room. These splendid patches of table-land rise higher and broader as you approach the west and south-west parts of the Madras Presidency. Not all Englishmen in Calcutta know that the most easily accessible, cost included, and highly enjoyable of the hill stations of India, having less

rain and more equability of temperature than the best of the Himalayan resorts, is the Neilgherry plateau. There you can do without a fire all the year round, if you be not over-sensitive,—for there are several frosty months,—and drive over South Downs, or up and down declivities, delightfully, for full *twenty-seven* miles in a straight line without getting out of your phaeton. There are several plateaus nearly as good as the Neilgherry one, such as the Annamullies, the Pulneys, and some in Travancore. The Avadies, and the Shevaroyes and several other lower hill-tables are also known, but are smaller and less attractive. Rivers run from all these, and prove, to the plains, the truth of Sir Arthur Cotton's favorite adage that "water is gold in India."

At Erode, on the junction excursion, we turned from the miserably rusty and barren track of the Madras Railway,—along which even the cactus and aloe. will hardly grow,—into a valley of almost Westmoreland scenery. The river Cauvery fills the Trichinopoly Valley with fertility, and makes the southern road, or 'Great Southern of India,' a line of beauty.

I have no time now to speak of the rich green of the island near the scene of our revels, over which

we passed to the grandest of all centres of Indian idolatry—the twelve walled, and twenty-one Gopurum-ed or pyramid-ed temple or temples of Seringam. Just there the Coleroon leaves the Cauvery, and wanders alone, eighty miles to the sea. You know the great Coleroon Anicut. You know the reported returns already of more than two hundred and fifty per cent. on the outlay of last year. Well done irrigation! “Water is gold,” sure enough. I need not say that Negapatam is the sea-board terminus of the “Great Southern,” and that (French) Pondicherry lies just half way between Negapatam and Madras. Midway between the mouths of the Palar and the Panar, it stands on a sheer coast, without a bend, for several hundred miles ; and is as utterly harborless as Madras. But we are in Suez this fine morning of the 14th of March, and I am off to do the canal, and hope to give you word of it ere long.

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No. III.

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THE

SUEZ CANAL.

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*Port Said, March 1868.*—Having just completed a satisfactory survey of the Suez Canal, let me give you, in this letter, some first impressions of it: and reserve, for next time, such reliable statistics of the progress of the work as I have been, or may be able to gather from the everywhere gentlemanly directors. These are stationed at the main points, Suez, Chalouf, Ismailia, Serapeum, El Guirsh, Ras el Ech, and Port Said. In the first place, I learn that it is as sure as anything under the sun that the work will be a success. Every part of the incomplete portion of the Canal, say the remaining and easier half of it, has been sounded, gauged, measured, and contracted for, and is expected to be ready for use by the close of next year (1869). Contractors will lose heavily, if they fail to have all things completed by October 1869. I speak not now of the running stock and enginery, but of the digging and opening of the Canal for ships drawing twenty-

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four feet, and even twenty-eight, or, at the spring tides, twenty-nine. The supply of tug-boats, &c., will come afterwards. There will to be *no lock* in its entire length, which, in the rough, may be called a hundred miles: or more exactly 93 to 95.

The first bugbear was the fancied difference of level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. That notion has been long since exploded. The next was, that the channel would have to run through hopeless quicksands, at least at the Suez end, and through centuries of Nile ooze at the Port-Said and Lake-Menzaleh part of it—its northern half. It was believed that here the more you dug and dredged, the worse it would be. Some went so far as to say that no channel could be made permanent in that region unless it was lined and troughed for miles with iron plates. Mr. Ayton came out from Glasgow, as you remember, after having got himself a name by his success in dredging the Clyde. He tried his hand in Lake Menzaleh, southward from Port Said, and failed, and threw up his contract. If report speak truly, he contracted for work here up to a quarter of a million sterling. He was then so confounded and

discouraged by the apparently endless rising and *bouleversement* of the Nile ooze, that he gave it up as a bad job, and was glad to get £8,000 towards his expenses, and go home. The contractors that succeeded him, and who have been at work, with steady success, ever since, were Messieurs Borel, Lavalley and Co., whose typical letters "B. L." meet the eye in all directions, along the route, upon machines of giant size, that have been not only constructed for this enterprise, but invented to meet its special difficulties and requirements. "C. A. B." are three other letters that one sees everywhere : and these stand for the names of the next largest contractors, Messieurs Charles and Auguste Bazin. As we entered Suez a week ago, and were approaching the landing place, I heard several of the *Mongolia's* passengers trying variously to solve the riddle of these initials, but without success. I afterwards met Monsieur Borel, Ayton's successor, at *Ismailia* : and, without inculpating Ayton in any way, he showed conclusively that the real cause of his failure was his undertaking to do a very costly and extremely difficult work at too low a figure. It would not and could not pay, as he undertook it. This seems to have been the

substantial reason of his withdrawal. At any rate, had he persevered in going a little deeper, he would have found the "hard pan" that has rewarded the dredging of Messieurs Borel, Lavalley and Co., or, if not quite hard, hard enough to give a fixed and unchanging ship-channel through the lake.

A third difficulty has vanished, or nearly so, like that of the once-dreaded current from sea to sea and the ungovernable quicksand. This is the *falling-in of the banks*, which were believed by almost everybody, until the facts over-rode the theory, to pass, of necessity, all the way through deep and almost fluid sand. I have kept an eye upon the banks, from day to day, and from end to end of the canal, that I might fairly test this prime mischief, and, as I once thought, very serious if not fatal obstacle. I am rewarded with the welcome discovery that, more than half the way, the banks of the canal are not of sand, but of mud or clay or shelly earth, some of which has passed almost into the consistency of conglomerate or concrete. Nearly everywhere the bank soil is largely filled with shells and impregnated with lime. In some cases, as at the

centre of the tolerably deep cutting at Chalouf, the limestone has to be quarried out with gunpowder. This rock will be turned to advantage either to fence out the sand, or as a building stone. Accept, then, the fact that to a very considerable extent the canal banks are not of shifting sand at all. They are rarely of sand, and where this is the case, the cutting has been so much widened, and the incline, where it is to meet the undulations of water caused by passing ships and their steam-tugs, has been made so gradual as to reduce the difficulty within the ordinary range of repairs such as are required, from time to time on all canals. Please bear in mind that this is important testimony in favor of the steadiness and firmness of the canal banks. Moreover, the fact that this is so, is no hearsay-matter, but the original and well-studied evidence of an eye brought to bear, with some sharpness and anxiety, upon nearly every part of the canal. The contractors of course reap some benefit from this unexpected firmness of the soil: though they would have gained more, had not the entire ground been bored and searched, in advance, by able French engineers. Monsieur Borel, one of the largest contractors, told me himself, in presence of several



gentlemen who could judge of his sincerity by their intimate connection with other parts of the work, that he and his partners had good reason to be satisfied with their bargain, and with the profit that their contract (the largest of all in the concern) would give them. I believed him at the time we had this conversation at Ismailia, the half-way or centre station. But I believed him all the more, after my own eyes had traced the strong, clayey, low, perpendicular banks for mile after mile; and my own hands had lifted and flung down, time and again, masses of the strong and tenacious earth. In some places where hundreds of Arabs are at work, I found they could only with much effort, and many hard blows of the pick-axe, break up the stuff they were undermining, so as to get it shoveled into their wheelbarrows. Receive it, then, as an established fact, that no real trouble, no Sisyphean return of the stuff dug out, threatens the Suez Canal, or its finances, by reason of the dissolving, yielding, endless down-flow and instability of its banks. There is some annoyance of this sort, and it may at times cause serious inconvenience, but in the long run the banks are not likely to come down more than they do in India.

This objection being removed, I think of but one more, and that is the mischief sure to be done by the khamseen, sirocco, and other winds which, more or less, frequently drive the desert sands like snow-drifts down the banks. How can this be obviated, running as the canal does, and ever must do, until its sides are peopled and planted, through the howling, sandy wilderness? Can this filling of the canal by the khamseen winds, the Simoon, &c., be ever prevented? No—and yes. I have looked well into this matter, and I will tell you just how it stands. The answer is as clear and brief, as it is satisfactory. The sands are found to be swept into the canal *only at three or four points*. These places of sand-drift encroachment are now well defended and carefully watched. Labor on the canal commenced nine years ago, in 1859. During all these years the predatory habits of the sand have been studied and catalogued. The sand has slipped down the banks *in these limited localities, but nowhere else*. The contractors have, *at these points*, had part of their work to do over again, and they have done it, and been paid for it. It has become a regular item of contract like the dustman's duty at our city doors. After sufficient experience, it is now

reduced to the removal of an average depth of *two metres per month*. That is, remember, within the observed limits. It comes then to this—that to the depth of six and a half feet, in thirty days, the slowly encroaching, ever creeping sands here and there need to be driven back. That is all ; and so this enemy is held in check.

I have now given you the four objections that as honestly as ignorantly have been thought to stand in the way of the possible success of the Suez Canal. You have now also their plainest practical answers—shall I say full refutations of them. Are they not sufficient ? Will the objectors still hold out ? Object as they may, they cannot now forbid the opening of the canal within a couple of years or so. It takes a mint of money to pay off the thousands of Bedouins, stout-armed, big-legged fellows, who pick and wheel and shovel and toss with a right good will. They feel with good reason that they are well paid at from two to three francs—one rupee a day—though nearly all of them are now employed by the job. The actual contractors, men of large ability, are living in the midst of their duties ; and give everywhere their personal attention. Monsieur Lesseps, the *fondateur*

as he is now called, the master-spirit of this enterprise, has a neat two-storied house for his home at Ismailia, the mid-way station. He has planted here a handsome little town of some 4,000 people, with an excellent Hotel des Voyageurs, and two or three other hotels ; with lines of shops, a well-watered and planted public square, and two churches. This busy place, in the very heart of the 'trackless desert,' stands where, four years ago, there was not a house ! It is something to have accomplished the building of Ismailia ; six or seven beginnings of towns have sprung into being in the desert here during the last nine years !

'There will be need of more money by the close of 1868. Adepts in the issuing of scrip and negotiation of loans, can tell you best how hard it will be to raise this money or how easy. It is strongly asserted that *as a Government*, France has no lien upon it, or concern with the canal. It belongs to individuals ; stock-holders of various nationalities. It may be that the extremely improbable event of the death of the French Emperor will defer the completion of the enterprise. It could do no more than defer it. The world has too great an interest in the matter

to let it come to a stand-still. It is said that at present only one Englishman has a hand in it; and no American. A New Yorker, a man of some mark declares, just now, at the table where I write, that not a share of the stock has ever been thrown into the American market. Whether so or not, and in spite of the disinclination of some to invest in French funds, more and more Americans and Englishmen are passing over the canal. And I have heard of no one of them who has not, after actual inspection, been fully convinced that the undertaking must succeed, and will ultimately pay. It will pay with fewer drawbacks and delays than have usually accompanied projects of importance. Yes, we are to have a Red Sea Bosphorus, another Straits of Gibraltar exit, at the east end of the Mediterranean. The Red Sea is to be no more a sea but a river, and Africa a continental island. Generously, then, let us give honor to whom honor is due.

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No. IV.

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THE  
SUEZ CANAL.

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*March 31, 1868.*—My last was from Port Said. I had just made a careful survey of the Suez Canal: or rather the Lesseps Canals, both the fresh and the salt. The fresh, or Nile-water, canal runs from Cairo; and its irrigation of cotton and maize, particularly at the Wady Goshen, yields a good income to the shareholders. Leaving Suez, we passed through the utilized channel of an *ancient* canal, whose vestiges indicate an attempt to unite Suez and Old Cairo, but I believe there is no hint that an attempt was ever made before, to join the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Having already given replies to the leading objections made to the possible construction of artificial Straits between sea and sea, let me now report upon the *present condition of the work*, as it appears from my own inspection of it. I should not have understood the matter fairly, without testing first impressions by reading all I could find on both sides, and by conversation along the

line with the contractors and engineers ; such as M. Boré at Ismailia ; M. Laplane at Chalouf ; M. Guichard, the head of the Transit Department stationed at Ismailia, where I also saw M. Voisin Bey. M. Salleron and M. Du Pan his colleague, showed me at Serapeum, the working plans of the entire canal, and several intelligent French gentlemen accompanied us to Port Said, where the chief attraction is the evidently successful construction of a harbour, by two pier exceeding in length, if I mistake not, the magnificent pier at Portland Island, in the British Channel, over which I was walking some years ago. Of the two Port Said piers, the western one is 2,500 metres, and the eastern 1,800 metres along. The metre being 3 inches over a yard, 2,500 metres will be 8,200 feet, which is some 300 yards less than a mile and a half. Do you know a pier into the open sea, entirely the work of man, which is a mile and a half long ? Our famous screw-pile jetty, through the surf at Madras, is barely a quarter of this length. The longer pier at Port Said is *laid* to within a hundred yards of its terminus, and this is to be a platform or *ilot* from which rails will run to the city. When I say *laid*, I mean that all but 500 metres of it are above the water, and

that 400 of these are raised to the water's edge. The height from the bottom to the top of the water is at the deepest about eighteen feet. Blocks of artificial stone, weighing twenty tons and costing £40 a-piece, are going down at the rate of 30 or 40 a day, without intermission. The composition of these is, to one cubic metre of sand 350 kilogrammes of hydraulic cement. This last comes from the Ardeche district of Central France, and from the township of Thail in that district. Once under water, time only increases their hardness and consistency, though some three months' drying on shore are required to fit them for submersion.

One of the most interesting sights at Port Said is the factory of the Messieurs Dussaud, contractors for the port, where this most happy idea of turning the wild sands of the desert into stone, is carried out with all the nicety of a Berlin chocolate-mill, as regards the commixture and handling of the twenty-ton cakes. One is almost persuaded to think it a delusion, and that he is seeing, through a microscope, blocks of 20 ounces. You remember the last year's story that the Mediterranean sands were to swallow these pills as fast as they went overboard, and that they would none of them be again heard of, except in Davy Jones's locker. It chances, however, by a



turn of luck, that the heaviest storms of the last four and a half years have not stirred or lowered the first stone. This part of the work secures to Port Said a better harbor than that of Alexandria, and one that can be entered, day and night, at all seasons of the year: its mouth being swept and kept open by the S. E. current of the sea. If no interference occurs with what is now going quietly on, the close of this year, 1868, will see the completion of both the piers. The most efficient dredges are now at work, preparing an ample channel through this fine harbor, to which, if required, wharves may run from both sides, east and west. In a majority of cases, however, no *discharge of cargo* is anticipated. This removal of the one objection to railway transmission of freights through Egypt, gives a perpetual guarantee that no railway, which cannot launch across Egypt a fully laden ship of several thousand tons, can ever seriously interfere with the proper work of the canal. The distance across the Isthmus from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, is 93 miles, about the same as that of Calcutta from the Sandheads, and the cost of tug-boats will certainly not be greater. The Red Sea is 1,200 miles long, and widens, at the broadest, to 350 miles. It has 3 or 4 months of

prevalent north winds, something like our N. E. monsoon, though not quite so reliable. The winds seem to be less used and trusted than they once were. Steam and the screw are found more and more in the mercantile marine. Vessels driven by steam will need no tugs, but will walk through the canal as they would through the Bosphorus, and down the Red Sea; as are, at this very time, (if I be rightly informed,) speeding through the Straits of Gibraltar, more than four hundred English carrying ships, distributing to places where it pays best, cargoes of Russian wheat from Odessa and the Black Sea ports.

I was not aware, until recently, that M. Lesseps, 'the creator' of the Suez Canal, had had with him, from the very beginning, a fellow-laborer and fellow-believer, in Monsieur S. W. Ruyssnaers, Consul-General, for Egypt, of the King of Holland. Without the sinews of war from the long and heavy purse of his *confrère* Ruyssnaers, the project would probably never have been started. So, I understand, M. Lesseps often declares; and I am glad to find that he is not a man to appropriate to himself the credit due to others. The leading *genius* of the enterprise was doubtless M. Ferdinand de

Lesseps. He gave it contrivance and enthusiasm, and Ruyssnaers confidence and cash. A friend at my elbow says they adore Lesseps all along the canal, and women bring him their babies for admiration, and love him as a father.

The *service de santé* and hospital arrangements are certainly of the best. Every fifteen miles or so you see a two-storied building where the laborers are cared for who fall ill, or are bruised accidentally by the mammoth machines, which are everywhere in action. Here they receive such attention as they never had before in their lives. I found at the half-way house, Ismailia, that their hospital had not a soul in it, and had been empty for a month. The death-rate is hardly up to half the average death-rate of France. People of all classes along the canal look hearty, and there is but one voice as to the general salubrity of the climate. Port Said, as it grows from its present 9,000 to 90,000, will be as hard city to drain, as hard as Calcutta. But science with fire, or dry-earth conservancy, human care and providence co-operating, will rectify *this* New Orleans as it has that other, in America, half sunk in marsh and below the level of the Mississippi.

Among the salient facts touching the Suez Canal,—and as easily borne in mind as the primary one that it is a straight, open, fair and clean channel from north to south and from sea to sea, without a lock, a gate, or an obstruction of any sort,—is the somewhat singular circumstance that it makes its way through three hills and three lakes. Entering from Suez and proceeding north to the Mediterranean, you encounter, in succession, the three hills. ‘Trois Montagnes’ was the designation, as given me by my kindly informant, M. Laplane, at Chalouf, where I encountered the first rising-ground, about a dozen miles from Suez. There the post-boat, instead of its appointed 15 minutes, waited a full hour for us to pass over to, and make a thorough study of, a wholly completed bit of the Maritime Canal. This was dry to the very bottom, and gave us our first clear view and comprehension of what the work is to be. The three ‘mountains’ presently sunk into mole-hills. Their height above the plain turned out to be, at Chalouf eight metres (26 feet), at Serapeum ten metres (within 33 feet), and at El Guirsh (spelt also *El Guisr*, and *El Guisse*) the highest of the three mountains, lifted its head but 39 feet above the

plain. Bearing in mind that there are 5,280 feet in an English mile, and that a kilometre is 3,250 feet, or three-fifths of a mile, it should be here stated that not mile-stones but kilometre-stones or marks are found on all charts, and are used in apportioning all the contracts.

These divisions of distance are in number 160 and count southwards from Port Said. Kilometre No. 1 commences at the end of the *islet* of the main pier, and Kilo. No. 160 is at the shipping roads at Suez. The three sand-knolls referred to, are found at Kilos, 70, 90, and 135. The three lakes are Lake Menzaleh, which extends from Kilo. No. 2 to Kilo. No. 33. Lake Timsah, the smallest, lies nearly half way from sea to sea, between Kilo. 75 and Kilo. 80, so as to be lungs to Ismailia, and the Lacs Amers or Bitter Lakes—run all the way from Kilo. 95 to Kilo. 150. The Bitter Lake or Lakes will be utilized and made to supply, in the direction of Serapeum, southerly, the grand feeding *basin* of the canal (should such be required,) and towards Suez and about kilo. 125, the same lake will furnish the minor or ‘*petit bassin*,’ against a time of need. This third of the trio of lakes stretches all along from kilo. 95 to kilo. 152, *i. e.*, 57 kilometres, which

is over 37 miles, or considerably more than one-third of the entire distance from sea to sea. There are two other slight depressions of the soil, sometimes covered with water, one at El Ferdane and the other at Kantara. These add nine miles more to what, in a certain sense, may be called the water-privilege of the Canal, and leave in fact only some 27 miles of the entire work that is not thus guarded. One who will keep this in mind sees at once the sufficient answer to many ignorant outcries against an enterprise that should command the hopes and sympathies of all broad-minded men. Sands do not drift irrepressibly, if at all, over a lake surface, to the filling up of a used and watched channel of waters.

A water-course is a permanent thing when once dug or dyked across soil hardened with the ooze of lakes, and fortified, to a great depth, by their calcareous and shelly deposit, the work of untold centuries of time. Had the great English Engineer, Stephenson, taken due note of this, he would not now find himself in the same category with Lardner, when, before steam-navigation had crossed the Atlantic, he sagely demonstrated that the idea of it was absurd. Certain it is that the proper sea-canal is only about half dug out, accord-

ing to its enlarged scale of width, 330 feet at the water line, depth 24 to 29 feet, and breadth at the bottom of the same 65 or 70 feet. This should be space enough for the keels of two ships of large size to pass one another without inconvenience or delay. The main difficulty just now, however, is the want of ready money to meet the very large disbursements hourly required to press on, and keep the work in full blast. The original shares (of the 200 millions of francs, capital) are not now at par. Hardly any stocks, any where, stand near the figure at which they were fairly quoted a year or two ago. Ready money must be had to keep the steam up, and a new hundred millions of shares, which of course must be preferential and privileged, are now being thrown upon the market. Who will buy? How shall they be realized? The money must come and come promptly. With its carefully apportioned, yet immense, supply of machinery and labor and supervision the enterprise is unable to wait. It cannot afford to stand still. Can it afford or command the means to go on? That is the question. M. Lesseps has just had an interview with the Viceroy, Ismail Pacha, whose faithfulness to his engagements from first, to last, has been most exemplary. From Alexan-

dria. he is off to Paris to advise with the Emperor.

Some American capitalists—so M. Voisin Bey, Director General of the works, was recently understood to say—had offered to help the thing through. Have their offers been matured and accepted? Who can say?—One thing we can all say, the canal deserves help, in this its time of need, and should receive it. I have just obtained a copy of a neat Journal published half-weekly at Paris, at the Boulevard Haussmann prolongé, No. 14, and bearing the name of *L'Isthme de Suez, Journal de l'union des deux mers*. The upper half of its first page presents a neat bird's eye view of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, and the Isthmus which separates them. The Maritime Canal, with its three salt basins and its fresh water companion, cuts this separation vertically, and across the Isthmus vessels are passing to and fro. To one who has been over the ground the *tout ensemble* is a pleasant picture. This copy of the paper reports the general condition of the works to its date, which is the 18th of last February. It tells one the state of the shares, the movements, addresses, and explanations of M. Lesseps at recent meetings of stock-holders and on various occasions.



You have, doubtless, later quotations of its stock than these, which will be two months old before my letter can reach India. The cost of this journal, French of course, is but two rupees a year. It may easily be obtained by such as seek for recent and complete information. It appears that Napoleon I. sent a commission in 1798, seventy years ago, to report upon the opening of the Isthmus. That commission said that the level of the two seas differed, and that locks would be required. In 1847 a new commission was sent out. But not till 1856 did the International commission resolve on cutting the canal, without locks. In 1858 the present company was established, and the first pick-axe struck the soil in 1859. Its entire completion may and should be realised by the close of 1869.

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## No. V.

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### THE SUEZ CANAL.

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*April 1, 1868.*—The importance to Indian commerce of the Suez Canal, when it shall have become an accomplished and completed thing, cannot be exaggerated. Every merchant in Calcutta will feel it, to his advantage. Every Joint-Stock Company having to do with steam generated by English coal, afloat or ashore, will gain by it. Not another ship-load of invalids will drag out its sickening months of homeward travel round the *Capo des Tormentos*; nor will fresh regiments, in ships, lie becalmed on the equator, and learn to curse India before they see her. No man, in these ripening days of the canal, who gives it any fair or careful visitation or study, doubts that we are to see it finished. By hook or by crook it is to be cut clean through. Ships are to pass in twenty-four hours, at furthest, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, through a channel which is to belong to no single nation, but to them all. In a recent

letter I promised you some detail of reliable facts and data, on which to form an opinion as to the real worth of the enterprise, and I now proceed to fulfil that promise. More than two years ago, there was an assemblage (at Paris) composed of a hundred representatives of Chambers of Commerce from different parts of the globe, which resulted in the unanimous proclamation of the possibility of making the canal. The declaration was then made that its execution was thenceforth only a question of money. Three months later a train of barges began to transport cotton and heavy freight, by the double canal from Suez to Port Said. From that time, which is two years ago, the transport of merchandise has been not only uninterrupted, but on the increase. Young cities and beginnings of towns are now established at either end of, and along the canal, where four or five years ago there was not a house. Since last summer, Port Said has seen the regular monthly arrival and departure of no less than twenty passenger steamers, and a dozen packet-boats every month. The harbor is already so spacious, safe and attractive as to be frequented by nearly all the lines that traverse the Mediterranean, including the Russian steamers,

and the Messageries Imperiales, since 1861. The hurricanes and tempests of the Levant have spent their force upon the grand breakwaters of this port only to prove that they will hold their own and stay where they are. They rest on no quicksands, and grow stronger with time. Enormous iron screw-piers have been driven into the soil there at the pier-head, a mile and a half from the shore, and these show no more sign of sinking out of sight than pasture oaks.

Passing out of Port Said landwards, a real difficulty presented itself, and for a time it did not appear how it could be conquered. The Nile ooze had settled there for a hundred square miles and for uncounted years. This vast extent of slippery mud is known as Lake Menzaleh. To manage and fix the first excavations in this lake, and so dyke-in the canal across the middle of it, was a peculiar and most trying operation. It had to be inaugurated by laborers strong and willing, and, above all, fully acclimated and able to bear the wet and the sun. These laborers were not to be found except in the population about the lake, mostly fishermen, accustomed from generation to generation to drag their nets across this miry marsh. They had lived and

labored, fishing here and hereabouts for nobody knows how long, and these fishermen took to the work which, to the Egyptian fellah, would have been impossible. They gathered up the slush by double-handful, these large-framed men, and squeezed it to consistency against their broad chests. They piled these clots of clayey mud along lines that had been surveyed and staked out for them, right and left. They continued this process, with infinite patience, until banks were formed and dried which would not melt down again. By thus literally putting their breasts to the work and laying their bones to it, the canal was 'bundled' in so firmly, that it held its track. Even when the rains of half-a-dozen years descended, and the Nile floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon the dykes, they did not fall. In due time the steam dredges came. After Ayrton had failed, and Borel taken it in hand, the fencing of the track grew broad and strong enough for towing paths and roads of travel. It can now be trusted with the precious pipes and reservoirs of that 'sweet' water which is daily pumped all the way from Ismailia to Port Said, thus supplying drink to all that live by the canal northward of its central point. There the

Nile is led to it from Cairo, and wheels away to the south. The first track across Lake Menzaleh, made in this strange way, was forty-four kilometres long, a kilometre being three-fifths of a mile. The tracking and, to use an Indian word, *gooning* dykes of the canal as they now stand, are not, by the way, the original mud dykes of the Menzaleh fishermen. Those fulfilled their duty as coffer-dams to keep out the water from a channel only 13 to 15 feet wide. Afterwards a power mightier than the human hand was brought to bear, and steam dredges, with their spouts flinging forth steady streams of sand and clay a hundred and sixty feet on either side, built the dykes that have stood the racket so well and so long.

It was a lucky thing that under those beds of ooze the dredges found *beds of strong clay* just the thing for strengthening the sea canal from the rattling Mediterranean stream within, and from the occasionally rising and beating lake outside. The little pioneer canal was not run through the lake twenty-seven miles, without many a struggle and repeated disappointments. On more than one occasion the work of weeks and months fell before the violence of storms, and was swept off in an hour; especially where the

work was recent and undried. The dredge came to the help of the persevering Menzaleh 'boys,' and by seeing that one layer was sufficiently hardened, before another was laid on, the blazing summer's sun being after all their best workman, the lake at last was bridged by the double dykes of a ship-channel 300 feet by 24. But I am to give you statistics in this letter and I must not enter too far into details. Know then [that twenty-four hours will carry any man from end to end of the Suez Canal, by steam, for forty-four francs, first class. Twenty rupees will more than give him his tickets through. Rest at Ismailia for a day, *Hotel des Voyageurs*, twenty francs, excellent. Thus far you will have seen nothing of the proper *Maritime* Canal, unless you do yourself the favor of calling, as I did, on kind M. Schiff at the Transport Office at Suez, and get his card to an equally obliging friend at Chalouf, the manager there whom you will find, where your boat stops at the lock, twenty kilometres from Suez. Bear in mind that this is not 'Little Chalouf' (or *Madame* as M. Laplane says it should be called) but Great Chalouf, or on the map, Chalouf el Terraba. Here, speak to M. Laplane, or the Resident Engin-

eer and Post Master, and, ten chances to one, that he will do to you as we were done by. He will take you, a few hundred paces, to a perfectly finished part of the Sea Canal. This was entirely dry when we were there, on the 14th of March 1868, and gave us our first clear comprehension of the simplicity and practicability of the whole thing. On our right they were quarrying out a ledge of limestone that crossed the canal, conveniently and inconveniently ; for stone is needed for many purposes in this region, yet they would rather have had it parallel to the grand water-course, than bridging and damming it. There were but two of us passengers in the post boat, and it was detained at Chalouf an hour, to please and instruct us. Had I known this in advance, it would have saved me a deal of trouble in hurrying on shore from the P. and O. Steamer in the vain hope of reaching Chalouf by special means, so as to see the works there, and catch the after-coming post-boat, from Suez for Ismailia, as it came by. If one can spare the time and cash he should, from Ismailia, make two excursions, one by donkey to the *works at El Guirsh* (or El Guisr) which, with the hydraulic works, &c., will take one day. El Guirsh, remember, is the deepest cutting



on the whole canal. The other will be toward Suez, to *Serapeum* on the Sea Canal. Which will be his first touch of its waters and his virgin sail upon it. This will take him another day. Arrangements for these trips will be made for him at the Hotel, even more pressingly than he desires. One day more, between sun and sun, will take the traveller comfortably to Port Said, from which and its best Hotel *Pagnon*, (sixteen francs, 6 Rs., a day) he may on nearly alternate days throughout the month embark by steam for Jaffa and Jerusalem, eastward, or for Alexandria and Marseilles. There are 20 arrivals and 20 departures of line steamers, and 12 ditto of packet-boats every month.

Let me now give you some general statistics of the whole work ; they are admirably summed up in the annual *Guide General d'Egypte*, which by all means buy at Suez, as it will give you the names and employments of all the officers on the canal, besides other valuable information touching Cairo, Alexandria, &c., &c. My small summary, however, is not from that work, but is taken from the desk and lips of M. Salleron, sub-superintendent of works at Serapeum, and from his colleague, M. Du Pan, with whom we breakfasted there. You shall have it precisely as I took it down on

the spot. It runs thus:—At 10 A. M., March 16, we disembarked from our jolly-boat at Serapeum, seven miles south of Ismailia. I was first struck with the sight of mule-driven water-lifters draining the soil from trenches dug around the dwelling-houses, lest they should by their dampness endanger health. There is no 'lake' within some miles of Serapeum, but the sand hill makes the lower grounds moist. Several beginnings of streets appear, the dwellings being all of one model, with low gable roofs. They are built of pine boards, and covered with gravelly mortar or 'rough cast.' Such are all the Canal Company's houses everywhere, so far as I have seen. Again the housing or hutting lines for laborers, (Arabs) stand at a little distance away by themselves. We have now climbed to the 'cross-trees' platform of one of the largest steam dredges, from which the eye gains a wide prospect of the labor of hundreds of men, of the growing town, and of large steam-vessels, partly under repair, and partly doing duty and deepening the canal. Its depth along here is 6 metres (19 feet), and is to be eight metres (26 feet) for a bottom breadth of 70 feet under a water surface line whose width is 100 metres or 325 feet. Six months hence the water

that we now see in the canal will be let off, leaving only enough to float the dredging machines. These can lift mud, &c., from a depth of 29 feet, but work to better advantage in shallower water. Of the six millions of cubic metres (solid yards) between the first barrier and kilo. 95 three millions and a half are already taken out.

They have labored at the Serapeum cutting here eight months, and it will take ten months more to complete the contract. They have 2,000 men at work, digging. The population of Serapeum is 2,000 Arabs and 800 Europeans. Nine '*dragues*' or dredges are here, and each of these cost 400,000 francs. They have also 25 steam barges to carry off the stuff brought up by the '*dragues*,' and each of these cost 50,000 francs. From barrier to barrier of the Serapeum 'mountain' is six kilometres. The difference between the water levels of the salt and fresh canals, here, is six metres. The work proceeds day and night without intermission, except when there is no moon. They work on Sundays, as on other days. There are layers or mines of salt beginning at the Serapeum shore of the Bitter Lakes 3 or 4 miles off,—3, 4, or 5 yards deep, but of irregular thickness; twenty kilos. in length (12 miles) and 15 kilos. broad. This will

all melt and go before the incoming waters. As to the sand-drift refilling the canal, there are only 7 kilos. of its entire length, which are ever plagued by it, and at these places it never encroaches more than at the rate of two metres (yards) a month. In their contracts with those who remove this sand, the Company, after an experience of some years, pays to the satisfaction of their employés for two metres of sand-drift on bank, and for no more.

Lake Timsah, the terminus of the northern half of the canal, and about 50 miles from Port Said (80 kilos.) is now flooded by the Mediterranean. All the contractors are bound to complete their tasks, *i. e.*, finish the canal for large ships to pass freely through, by the close of the next year (1869), or suffer very heavy forfeitures. Every month witnesses full two hundred thousand cubic metres taken out; all is matter of reasonable allowance and careful figuring; and, wind and weather permitting, and no earthquake—and the thing is done. These immense square-end *dragues* come from Port Said here, 48 miles, in two days. The canal once open two days will carry any ship fairly from sea to sea.

Finally, as to the entire cost of the canal and its ability. To its *credit* stand 384 millions of

francs including the recent issue of 100 millions of new stock. This is over and above 10,214 hectares (a hectare is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres) of landed property in Egypt. At Port Said, *e. g.*, they own 430 hectares, some 2,000 acres, which is going off in leased lots at extremely remunerative prices, and at Suez, 310 hectares, ditto. *All* the land on *both* sides of the canal of varying breadth, is thus their own. They also own a Hotel in Paris, and have other property out of Egypt. Now to the Company as *debtor*, and against it stand—

As already spent	.. 170,000,000 fr.
Interest to shareholders at 5 per ct.	60,000,000 „
Cost of machines, &c.	... 50,000,000 „
Required to complete canal	... 35,000,000 „
For running stock, tugs, &c.	... 50,000,000 „
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Total	... 365,000,000 fr.

Balance to credit, *exclusive of* their immense landed property, 19 millions: such was the *Bilan* given me at Serapeum.

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No. VI.

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THE

SUEZ CANAL.

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*April 4, 1868.*—As any *rapport* existing between the directors of the Suez Canal and Abyssinia—even before the expedition under Sir Robert Napier was undertaken—must be of interest now, let me give you a translation of the remarks of M. de Lesseps about Abyssinia, made at Lyons on the 9th of November, 1865, a little more than two years ago. The *fondateur* of the canal then remarked, —‘It is well to consider that we have upon the shores of the Red Sea, not far from our canal, a population of Christians which strongly sympathises with us, (*qui nous est très-sympathique*) that of Abyssinia. This population of five millions of inhabitants has always kept itself free from a foreign yoke. You know that in the middle age much was said of a certain Prester John, who reigned in the interior of Africa. This Prester John was none other than the Emperor of Abyssinia. The Abyssinians embraced Christianity, as they once embraced

Judaism, without the effusion of blood, and they have repelled Mussulman propagandism, as well as the idolatry of the tribes on their borders. They have held fast to their Christian faith, and they give a kindly welcome to strangers; only sometimes they won't let them go. (A laugh). I received not long since (*J'ai recu dans le temps*) letters from one of the Christian Princes of Abyssinia, who, being unable to offer money for the construction of the canal, offered animals and the products (*denrees*) of his country.' M. de Lesseps goes on to say that the coasts of Arabia itself (that of Yemen) one of the most fertile countries in the world, will likewise send its supplies to Europe by the canal. From this commercial traffic will result (he hopes) in a not distant future, good that may benefit the world.

The question being put him, at the Lyons Conference, whether he had already perceived the influence of the canal upon general commerce, he replied,—‘Messieurs Bazin, our well-known contractors, who once undertook a service of packet-boats in the East, are establishing relations at this moment (1865-66) by screw-packets between Marseilles and Port Said; and their

example will certainly find imitators in other cities, now that sailing vessels are yielding everywhere to steam. At Constantinople (he continued) I have remarked that the Golden Horn is filled with steamers where one saw only sails a few years ago. The Messieurs Bazin, who have a good eye to business, intend, ere long, to put vessels upon the Red Sea, so as to profit by our freight-transit and extend the present relations between France and the extreme East.' He goes on to say that 'this is by no means without interest for the city of Lyons, making so large a requisition as she does upon the silks of India and China.' 'I hold in my hand, (he adds,) a newspaper published at Yokohama, the capital of Japan, estimating the outturn of Japan silk for the current year (1866-67) at 25,000 bales, for exportation, (one bale of silk weighing about 63 kilogrammes.) The statistics of 1861-2 give the importation of silk from Japan into Europe as 3,189 bales. In 1862-63 it rose to 6,862 bales. In 1863-4 to 10,184 bales. By the close of October, 1865, the importation into Europe from Japan was, of silk 14,690 bales, of which Marseilles got 4,239 and England 9,791. I am glad to find it so, he says, because, when



I was in England some years ago, one of the principal merchants of that country, who does business with China, told me that Lyons came upon the English market for the silk which she needed, and that she never received it by direct importation.' I quote M. de Lesseps thus freely, because there is no higher authority in matters of the Suez Canal, and the points here touched on suggest some things on which men are now forming opinions. Marseilles, it seems, has almost prodigally encouraged the canal, and that uniformly. It has been reported otherwise. Marseilles tendered to M. de Lesseps, as its acknowledged head, one of the first banquets ever given him in France, and eagerly sent representatives to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce that last year met in Egypt.

I have not been able to get as definite information as I could wish concerning the course finally taken by the board of management in the issue of the last 100 millions of francs of new stock. It is not at all surprising, in the present state of no confidence throughout the mercantile world, that a very considerable anxiety should be felt as to the amount of money that can be raised, and the way

to raise it. It must be had, and that promptly. Whether in the form of stock or a loan, I am not sure which, the Suez Canal Board are in the market, with an urgent call for another 100 millions. Their original stock at 500 francs a share, which, with 400 paid in, was recently quoted at 285. The question now is—will they have to sacrifice their rights in land increasing in value daily? Among the early helpers of M. de Lesseps, it appears that M. Hardon did a great deal for him. At a time when the project was so novel that all men shook their heads in disapproval, M. Hardon came bravely forward, and from the very commencement took charge of the opening of the work. He raised a select staff of workers, able and energetic men, whom M. de Lesseps calls the Zouaves of the enterprise.

I have already given you a fair answer in the reply of M. Borel to the question I put him concerning the withdrawal of Mr. Ayrton of Glasgow. After dredging the Clyde so successfully as he did, it seems strange that he should have been foiled by Lake Menzaleh, and have given it up as a hopeless task. Borel's answer, as you remember, was that the canny Scotch Engineer set his contract price, for so difficult a

work, too low. No man could do it for that sum. A shareholder asked at the Lyons Conference if the Company had not lost some 18 millions by the transfer of this contract. 'Did not the contract of MM. Borel and Lavalley, of which the original was 50 millions, and which has been since extended to 112 millions, bring upon the Company a loss of 18 millions, by the difference in the rate of the two contracts?'

The reply of M. de Lesseps to this question was to the following effect—'Mr. Ayrton took up the work on conditions that no longer exist. He came forward at a time when the table of salaries was much lower than it is now. He withdrew, and other tenders were asked and received. We found we could make no better terms than those proposed by MM. Borel and Lavalley, and accepted them as the best we could get. It was but fair to make them an advance adequate to the difference between the cost of the labour of Fellahs, and that of machines. It is to be noted, however, that the loss involved in this difference is covered by the thirty-eight millions which the Company has already received as part of the 84 millions which the Pacha has promised to pay for the reversion to him of his grants of land to the Company,

on the arbitration of the Emperor. Better late than never, the Sultan's firman has been given within the past year, and the withholding of it, whether by English influence or not, no longer troubles the dreams of the stock-holders. Moreover the credit of the Viceroy of Egypt, who is to pay over, (in 16 years,) an amount equal to half the sum required to finish the canal, is decidedly higher than that of the Sultan. Will Ismail Pacha consent to cash the sum he owes, provided he receives a proper discount? The question of more ready cash from some quarter cannot much longer remain undecided.

I hear only praise of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and he may well be pardoned for a little over-hopefulness concerning the speed with which the canal can be brought to completion. Could all the machines be constantly at work, the end would probably come as soon as he anticipates. It so happened, however, that more than half of the larger 'dragues' (dredging machines) which I saw while passing through the canal the other day, were not working. Why this was so, did not appear. They were not seemingly under repair. They were moored and at rest. Seeing this to be so, I could not help recurring to a question

put to M. de Lesseps by a shareholder at Lyons more than two years ago, to the following effect: 'Will the canal be finished in 1868 as you announced at our meeting?' The answer was 'I cannot doubt it, and here are my reasons: By his contract Mr. Ayton, who took previous surveys so as to know precisely the state of things, was under bonds to complete his work by the 1st of January, 1868. After our rupture with this gentleman, Messieurs Borel and Lavalley came under engagement to fulfil the same conditions, reserving only an extension of six months to cover the time lost in transferring the contracts. The terms they made bound them to the 1st of July instead of the first of January, 1868. But Messieurs Borel and Lavalley, on their side, had hopes of getting through it earlier; and we on ours, desire to bring them up to the shortest possible term. It was mutually agreed that between the first of January and the first of July 1868, we would pay them 500,000 francs indemnity for every month they gained; and that they would bear a penalty of the same amount for every month's delay after the 1st July. This being so, what ground had I to doubt that, in the hands of

men so intelligent and so practical as M.M. Borel and Lavalley, both members of the corps of sappers and miners (*members du corps des Ponts et Chaussées*) the thing would be done? The check which the cholera gave, by withdrawing our laborers from their work, justified some little extension of the terms of the contract. But it certainly should not be delayed beyond the close of 1868."

Such is the substance, rather than a translation of M. de Lesseps' reply, in November 1865, to the question when the canal would be open to commerce. Since that time the opening has been again put off to the close of 1869. The contractors now, as then, aim to keep strictly up to the mark. It appears, however, that up to to-day the contractors have not actually taken out *more than half* the material that is to be removed. Not the slightest doubt remains that French energy will do its work. Could it possibly fail, several of the more enterprising nations of the world combined would open straits, and keep them open, between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. The thing will ultimately pay, as well as similarly guaranteed five per cent. public works pay.

It is bound to pay as surely as the Atlantic cable pays. Yet it is unwise to prophesy, with absolute assurance, the day or month or even the year when the canal will be open to the world, in the full tide of successful experiment and realisation. It is really too great, too noble a work to be tied to a day or driven to a month or even bound to a year. That busy towns have sprung up at some of the principal stations along the banks, towns which evidently mean to hold their own and go on increasing year by year, is no flourish of trumpets, but a sober fact. Ismailia has grown in four years from nothing to a population of four thousand. Port Said, in nine years to a population of nine thousand. Suez has seen a proportional increase. And Alexandria, not far off, has grown in 30 years from 25,000 to 150,000. You are aware that the French have recently built a handsome dock at Suez, nominally for the Pacha of Egypt, Ismail Pacha. But the very first vessels that were overhauled there were two of our P. and O. Steamers, the *Candia* and the *Surat*. If any of your readers have the notion that these now so promising towns are to go off as rapidly as they came, and, half-a-dozen years

hence, be a myth, you may assure them that the signs now favour permanency, and a steady increase. This fact being once understood and accepted gives of itself a valid assurance of the pecuniary success of the whole scheme. The Company holds 770 acres (310 hectares) of land in the town of Suez alone; and a thousand and seventy-five acres of dwelling-house lots and warehousing grounds in Port Said; one-third of it on the Asian side and two-thirds on the African. In all they hold upwards of 25,000 acres. Walk the streets of Port Said and along the quays and piers; see the hotels, lodging-houses, restaurants, casinos, and the increasing crowds that throng them. Now run your eye round the ins and outs of the seaboard there, and count the shipping and craft of all sorts, numbering at present a couple of hundreds; the largest Mediterranean steamers find their way well into Port, and lie at anchor here. Acknowledge in this Port the silver gate between the Orient and the Occident, which it veritably is to be, and why should not fifty years see it another Venice, the rival of Alexandria; as it is already surpassing it in the prime essential of a harbour, accessibility in storms and



at night. Remember that the Company hold all the land on both sides of the canal, throughout its whole length, and then grant that the canal will, and must be completed, to a breadth of three hundred feet and a depth, (for 70 feet at the centre,) of twenty-five feet, cut clean through,—and what can prevent its being a good property? Open such another Gibraltar inlet and outlet to the commerce of the world—and it must pay.

‘The land,’ it may be asked, what is the land but an impracticable, uncultivable wilderness of sand and morass? Commerce would make and keep it habitable, even though it were not cultivable. But it is cultivable. Gardeners are here and there along the track, busy over their lettuce-beds and their graperies, their peach-orchards, and their root-crops. Very few, at the beginning, dreamed that this could be done, but it is done; and I have seen it, and tasted its fruits and vegetables; and you may see and enjoy it too. Plenty of fresh water will be needed, but that is supplied. The Nile has water enough. Look here into the public square at Ismailia. Note, by the way, that the whole African side of the town is shut in by a

wide-sweeping crescent of young trees, growing newly out of the sand, but fresh and green as any in the world. The Nile water runs between this double row in a channel sufficiently elevated to trickle down and irrigate farming gardens without, and the town gardens within. Of these latter, as I was saying, one is the city square. There, stretch out their arms to greet you the poinsettia, which so blazes over our Calcutta walls, many sorts of pelargonium in full flower, several varieties of the cactus tribe, and the showy tasseled, deep-crimson castor bean, as broad-armed and lofty as a tree. At the corners are date trees, but these must have time to grow. Come outside the city, and let us see what is being done by this cabbage-garden keeper and his wife. A careful report of their very words to me must close this letter. Did you build this house? No, Sir; the Company built it, and they give us this ground and the water supply, and we pay no rent. What have you here; and are these strawberries? Oh, yes, Sir, they bear well. You see they are in blossom. I saw his egg-plants (brinjals) were fruiting. Tomatoes a little stunted. Cabbages and kale and lettuce were doing best of all. The show of beans was good, and of more than one

kind. Besides a large compost-heap and a continually running stream of water, all *seemed* utterly barren, deep, bottomless, fluid sand. Not pure silicious sand was it, however, but a calcareous loam and sand, in about equal measure. The fruit-trees seemed even a greater success than the vegetables. His apricot trees, the gardener said, bore finely, though second to his grapes. Pomegranates were bursting into leaf. Then came young cherry trees, with apples, peaches, oranges, and sweet potatoes which he called *la pomme de terre de l'Amerique*. The peaches, he said, did very well indeed. Outside of the garden lines, as far as the eye could reach, lay the wild, boundless, howling desert.

A bit of it had been redeemed, and why not other bits; and more and more, till the desert should rejoice literally and blossom as the rose? There were good roses blooming in the public square of this just-born desert-city, Ismailia. Who can help wishing both blossoming and fruition to the Sea Canal? It is already passed beyond an expectation, to a fair commencement of realisation. Success to it.

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## No. VII.

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### THE HOLY LAND.

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*Jerusalem, April 5, 1868.*—We left Port Said at sunset on the 18th ultimo in the *Volga* Steamer of the Messageries Imperiales. She seems a small boat by the side of our magnificent *Mongolia* of the P. and O., yet I imagine she is as large as any of the French passenger boats on the Mediterranean. At grey dawn the next morning, or in about twelve hours, I got my first glimpse of the shores of Syria, Palestine, the Holy Land. The coast is low; and Jaffa, a crowded, pyramidal heap of grey stone cubes, used as dwellings of men, comes slowly into view through the chilly haze. The sunrise, however, promises a good day. There is a ground-swell on the water, no proper harbour, and a rocky surf-line to pierce, that reminds one of Madras. A range of hills shows itself far inland. These we are to mount before seeing Jerusalem. I took the first boat ashore. These Arab boatmen know

well how to impose upon pilgrims, who come in crowds to Jerusalem during March and April every year to celebrate the Good Friday season and the Easter festival. The crowding and piling of men and women upon men and women in the big Arab galley that I entered was 'a caution.' Baggage in huge bundles was recklessly thrown down upon us from the ship's rail above, endangering the breakage of all but the stiffest necks. Clubs were brought hard down upon bare heads on the ladder of the *Volga*, and fists were used freely, and stout legs flung out to kick opponents into the sea. I thought I was inured to the worst confusion of railway and steam boat deliveries, but the landing we had at Jaffa was something new. It was Turkish, with a witness. 'Only sixpence' was the cry to some who got into the galley, but we were scarcely away from the ship's side before our money was demanded. 'Bring us first to shore,' was the reply. But the oarsmen stopped the boat just where it rolled most uncomfortably, and their leader demanded that every soul of us should pay ten francs, jumping thus from four annas to four rupees. The ruse now was that a well-dressed man, apparently a Turkish officer, stepped on board from another

boat that came up with us; and on hearing ten francs demanded fore and aft, interposed his authority on the side of justice, and said,—‘No, not ten; five francs is the proper charge.’ This was accordingly paid by some of us without a question. After a long and reasonless detention off shore, we were landed, to find that we had thus paid nearly double the regular fare. Five francs is a trifle, except to a poor pilgrim; and most of ours were evidently poor. These deserve that it should be told how they were filched, and I shall find it hard to forget my first practical illustration of Turkish honesty, of which I had heard high praise. Be it remembered that we were thus handled by ‘faithful’ subjects of the Sultan. Live and learn.

To go back a moment, there sat with us at the first cabin table of the *Volga* a new order of pilgrims. These were young Frenchmen, and each had a silver cross dangling from his button hole. It meant that he had accepted the generosity of a fund, provided by the Empress Eugenie and others, to aid young France to visit the Holy Land, and so grow devout. The silver-cross pilgrimage was thus explained to me, in all good faith, and I give you the explanation for what it is worth. To return to Jaffa. It is, as

you know, built on a small promontory of limestone, which is quarried also in its neighbourhood, and the English Hotel, Blattner's, caps the pile of cubes. Of these the upper ones, all over the little compact town, are roofed, not flatly like our Calcutta homes, nor gabled like European houses, but domed with a compound arch of the same stone that makes the walls. No wood of course is used; within or without. These walls, too, are five feet thick, get soaked with water and never dry, and this makes all pilgrim houses, even the best hotels, during the cold season, which is their 'rains,' most cellar-like, chilly, and damp. Day and night my thermometer does not rise to 50° (Fahrenheit.) It stands at 47° near me, as I write. I have reached Jerusalem at the height of *the season*,—which includes March and April. Nobody visits the city except during 'the season.' I am quartered in an upper airy room at the private lodging-house of Max Ungar, near the Damascus Gate, the handsomest in the city, and have a fine out-look to the mountains of Moab over the Jordan. Nothing has surprised me more than the severity of the cold. Such a thing has been known, in Mr. Max's experience (of 20 odd years) as snow six feet deep here, and frost every

month in the year. I just now hear it said that we had frost last night on the Mount of Olives. Some of your readers would doubtless like to take the Suez Canal and Jerusalem on their way overland homewards, if it did not prove too expensive. Let me say therefore that the thing is easily done.

From the quai at the Suez Hotel, take a boat to the first lock of the Nile Canal, half a mile off. There buy a ticket, at less than ten rupees, which take you half way, to Ismailia. Stay at the *Hotel des Voyageurs*, and be handsomely served at 20 francs (8 Rupees) a day, and no extra charges. Visit the grander cuttings and works of the Sea-canal from this point. These are at Serapeum southwards, and El Guisr a few miles to the north of Ismailia, say two days here. Ten rupees and as many hours by Canal Steamer will put you in Port Said—*Hotel Pagnon*, sixteen francs (Rs. 6-8) a day.\* French, Russian or Austrian steamers, four lines, make each three departures monthly, and give you a lift to Jaffa every second or third day. Three francs landing charge, and up and up to nearly the highest house in the little town, and you are at Blattner's English Hotel in Jaffa. Baggage mules and



transit horses will come at your asking more than you require. Between six and seven francs a day is the cost per animal, at the height of the season, and about three or four francs in months other than March or April. It is a two days' trip to Jerusalem, throwing the longer and more trying half of the work upon the second day. Your first night is spent at the convent at Ramleh, a dozen miles and four hours from Jaffa. It is called the Convent of Nicodemus, but seems to adapt itself to the reception, feeding and lodging of all travellers, like a hotel. It is less satisfactory than a hotel, in the fact that you are not at liberty to open your purse and order what you want, and if the monks choose to keep you waiting, half starved, for several hours, as they did us, you must make the best of it. You had better fill your tiffin-basket at Jaffa, and so be ready for emergencies. Except in 'the season' however, when non-arriving parties of monks are waited for, you may be less cautious in the matter of self-help.

The second day, from Ramleh to Jerusalem, is, the hard one. The Sultan,—remember you are now in the domains of the Sultan of Turkey,—has a carriage road under construction

from Jerusalem to the sea-board at Jaffa. When it will be ready for vans or diligences, such as run now over a splendid road from Beyrout to Damascus betwixt sun and sun,—no man can say. There are as yet no wheeled vehicles in Palestine south of the Lebanon road to Damascus; and the only aids to locomotion are pack-horses, mules, donkeys and camels. Going from Ramleh to Jerusalem, you are continually in sight of the Sultan's road that is to be. The old herald's cry to 'make the rough places plain,' and especially to 'gather out the stones,' has been feelingly inverted, and it seems as if the Turkish laborers on the line of this road did their best to make the plain places rough, and break the necks of travellers. Strange to say, you would hardly find the way from Ramleh to Jerusalem alone, or without a guide, at least in your muleteer. At this season, however, parties are going up and down continually, and you would find it as easy as it is pleasant to join a party. If a man has not been long enough in India to lose his legs, it is a good plan to walk and ride alternate miles. So exceeding rough is the way, over steep rocks and by zigzag paths, that your walking will usually keep you in advance of the mounted party

Do not let the statement of the guide-book or the dragoman trouble you, to the effect that the gates of Jerusalem are shut at sunset. All but one may be so closed against you at sundown. The exceptional one is that to which you are brought directly on your way up from Jaffa, and is commonly known as the Jaffa Gate. This will admit travellers to nine o'clock P. M., or even later. Expect your baggage to be examined at this gate. Now on to a hotel. Your dragoman, or the one of the party you have joined, will probably have telegraphed for rooms at the house which pays him best, and it is well to know that there are, besides the convents, which are the least comfortable and the hardest on health, three decent places of refuge here for English-speaking people. These are all on the north side of the city, and within hail of the Damascus Gate. The 'Mediterranean' (Hornstein's) stands first with its 24 rooms. Next in extent and comfort, if comfort can be predicated of any of them, is Theil's, the 'Damascus' Hotel, with a dozen rooms and a good table. The third place, over which you will see flying the flag of the American Consul, is the private lodging-house of Max Ungar, with three or four rooms, higher, sunnier, and drier than any I have seen

elsewhere, and from one of which I now write. There is a continual coming and going, to and from all these places, and you can shift easily from one to the other, as you like. Their charges, just now, are respectively 12, 11, and 8 francs per day for bed and board. The contrast between the biting cold at this season and the heat a few months, or even weeks hence, I am told, is very great. As an assurance against disappointment, expect no personal comfort in modern Jerusalem. Here emphatically, you eat and drink and breathe your peck of dirt before you die. So fearful is the malaria in the warm season, within the walls, that all foreign residents, missionaries, &c., who can possibly afford it, then leave the city, and live in tents on the Mount of Olives, or on other neighbouring hills. Small-pox, typhus fever, &c., prevail, and diphtheria;—of which the third and last child of a family next door to us died yesterday. Not a street in Jerusalem has a name, (the Via Dolorosa runs not along one street but several,) nor is there a sidewalk, nor a lamp. After dark, every man is fined or arrested, who does not carry a lantern. In fact there are no streets, but only alleys. All these gutter down at the centre, and are paved with rough, large, irregular

blocks of limestone. Being always more or less greased with filth, they are to the feet an instant and continual tribulation. To the nostrils they are something worse, inasmuch as one of their chief uses is that of public latrines. There are no promenades anywhere beyond the city walls, nor within them, nor upon them. The apparently strong walls of modern Jerusalem are the merest shams, and a couple of decent battering guns would soon level the whole of them. At the top they are not more than 24 inches thick, and machicolated as they are, they give no walking space. One of the consuls, at my side, is just saying that he bought a horse some months ago, but he has no use for him, since a rider has nothing to do, but to climb up and down crags and over gullies full of large, loose stones, even on the Mount of Olives, or along the road to Bethany ; and worse still in making your seven miles southward to Bethlehem. Your only resource is to be above the world while you are in this part of it, and live wholly in the sanctities of the olden time. Of modern Jerusalem you will soon get enough, and more than enough. Nothing in fact is done here except to gaze on the localities that time and the stupidities of tradition cannot alter, and

to revel in their hallowed associations. There is a perfect Babel of languages spoken here, and every child at school has to learn Italian, German, Arabic, and English. There is no manufacture here except of things in olive-wood or mother-o'pearl, or pressed flowers from sacred localities. There is but a single wind-mill, recently set up by Montefiore, for the Jews. It is near the long barrack which he has also built for them; outside the walls west-ward; looking toward Zion and into Gehenna.

With 17,000 souls residing here, of whom 9,000 are Jews, 5,000 Turks, and 3,000 Christians; there is not a single newspaper. More than one of the Christian missions has a press, but their only issues are religious books and tracts. The handsomest and largest press-room is that of the Armenian leader, the patriarch Isaiah. He has been in England. He has even learned the art of photography. He is something like a man of progress. He prints *The Voice of Zion*, a small monthly sheet; but, though the Armenians seem to be the largest and wealthiest of the Christians here, not more than a dozen copies of it are taken in Jerusalem. Four or five thousand in these days, is the number of pilgrims usually visiting the city

at this Easter time. In the year immediately succeeding the close of the Crimean War it rose to 15,000. The interminable and impenetrable complexity of the labyrinthine gullies, called streets, of the city, make it next to impossible for any but an old resident to find his way about, even in the day-time. Yet it is convenient to consider the city as divided into four quarters. The Armenians have one of these quarters, the Latins and other Christians a second, the Jews a third, and the Turks a fourth. The mosque of Omar, with a fine dome, is for the most part a tawdry affair of Chinese tiling and *chunam*, and is not to be named with the Jumma at Delhi, the Motee Musjeed, or the Taj. The Mount of Olives presents for ever the most authentic and the best detailed abiding-place of the Son of God. Says Dr. Smith,—‘It is useless to seek for traces of His presence in the streets of the since ten times captured city.’ It is impossible not to find them in the free space of the Mount of Olives. The excavations will help us—but of these in another letter.

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## No. VIII.

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### THE

## HOLY LAND.

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*Jerusalem, April 7, 1868.*—In my last I promised a word about the excavations under Jerusalem, now pressed vigorously forward by Lieutenant Charles Warren and his aid, Sergeant Birtles, under the patronage of the Queen and the Palestine Exploring Fund. No Englishman or American comes here without a strong desire to see what they mean, and to learn, by personal inspection, what is probably to result from them. At nine this morning I was fortunate enough to find Lieutenant Warren in his room at the Mediterranean Hotel. He was busy writing, but is never too busy to reply to inquiries about his work. Energetic and off-hand, yet kind, patient, and communicative, he readily turned to my chart of the city, and traced, with a pencil, the exact course of our recent visitations below ground, under his direction. To get a more thorough understanding of what he had accomplished, I then unrolled the ten lithographic plans and sketches which he



gave me the other day. He rapidly and clearly detailed the labyrinthine course through which he had led us, till it became too difficult for the ladies of our party, even the bravest and best prepared of them, to go on. We parted from them near the Masonic hall, so called,—but why not Warren Hall?—and slid down narrow and muddy sluice-ways to wonders beyond wonders. But I am anticipating.

Such as wish for fuller information on this subject than a single letter can give, may be glad to know that two stout pamphlets have been published by 'The Fund,' one of 52 and the other of 62 pages, which give everything in detail. And these may be had from the Hony. Secy., George Grove, Esq., Sydenham, S. E., London. The first contains the Original Prospectus; the Report of a Public Meeting held June 22nd, 1865; Captain Wilson's letters from Palestine, Nos. 1 to 7; the Preliminary Report of Captain Wilson, and its Statement of Progress. The second and largest of the pamphlets is made up of no less than twenty-two reports of his work by Lieut. Charles Warren,—the first dated August 22nd, 1867, and the last coming down to February 2nd, 1868. Any letter written to Lieut.

Warren, with a view to forward his work here, either by exciting public attention to its value, or to increase the funds which must be had if the work is to go on, I am sure he would answer promptly and fully. He is—at least others than himself think he is—a very hard-worked man; and could scarcely find time to write that which afforded no help to a cause which absorbs his whole time and thought. What is rare in so busy a man, he is never in a hurry. He lays down his pen or his working plans very quietly when an enquirer taps at his door, or whenever he hears of persons wishing to go down and see the arches, halls, and passages of the nether Jerusalem. Looking for no fee whatever, he tells off men to his descending points, here and there, with chair and crane, with stiff ladders and rope ladders, and with any amount of wax candles, which must be carried by each one of the party going down during two or three hours of his subterranean wanderings. Nor is he chary of his more brilliant and dazzling lights of magnesian wire which he burns to bring daylight, for the moment, into recesses too deep and high and broad to be reached by the feeble glow of burning wax. By the way, let me not forget things accessible

to our friends in India. Such as may not be able to visit Palestine may see it for themselves in a series of photographs, of large size and well done, to the number of three hundred and fifty. Of these about half were taken in different parts of Palestine by the first Expedition, working from November 1865 to May 1866, under the charge of Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers. The rest were obtained under Lieut. Warren. A complete list of these pictures is found in the first of the two pamphlets just mentioned.

These photographs, picturing things to the very life, as only photography can do it, are sold,—to subscribers of 20 shillings a year to the Fund,—at the low price of a shilling each, and to non-subscribers at 1s. 6d. Among them are views of Jerusalem, sixteen in number, including of course the main points of interest upon and around the excavations. No photographing has yet been attempted in the over-dark recesses of the under-world. But of the things above, and in common daylight, you have all you can desire. Among these, is a picture of the starting-place of all the excavations, called Robinson's Arch. Not that Robinson himself has been ever a digger-out of anything here, but because of his true pro-

phecy that *the pier* of a grand old fragment of an arch in the wall of the Great Mosque, (which had previously attracted no attention,) would be found at a distance of sixty feet away, deep under ground. It was ultimately dug for, and *found* at a distance of sixty-one and a half feet. It has been followed down to the great depth of ninety feet, and as it crosses in the direction of the valley which cuts Jerusalem in two,—the ‘Tyropean Valley,’—there seem fair grounds to believe that this magnificent arch may reach, from base to crown, one hundred and thirty feet.

There are fifty-nine photographs of Jerusalem in all its parts and localities. Of buildings in Jerusalem, you may have, for nine rupees, eighteen photographs, each 9 by 6 inches, among which are such as the (1) ‘Escarpment of Rock in the valley below the Jews’ quarter of the City, showing the course of the aqueduct from Solomon’s Pools.’—[N. B.—This aqueduct once supplied the city sufficiently with water, and may do so again. Its restoration has been taken in hand by Miss Burdett Coutts, who, among her many acts of benevolence, gave, in 1866, five hundred pounds to accomplish surveys and take levels,—to give Jerusalem all she needs of drink and

purification. This £500 has been already laid out and the surveys completed. Ere long, a much larger donation will naturally follow, counting its thousands.] Another good one among the Jerusalem photographs is (2) the Lintel of an old gateway in the western wall of the area of the Mosque of Omar (Solomon's Temple,) south of the Jews' Wailing-Place. (3) A third gives a view of a 'supposed postern in the east wall of the Mosque (Temple) enclosure near the Golden Gate.' Besides the fifty-nine photographs of Jerusalem, you have thirteen views of Damascus, eleven of Cæsarea Philippi, five of Tell-Hum—believed to be on the site of Old Capernaum—four of Nazareth, six of Hebron (Abraham's home; with his still remaining *Cak*, or a descendant of it.) Of Ebal and Gerizim, the sacred Hills of Samaria, you have a number of pictures; several of Shiloh, of Bethlehem, of the Mount Olives and Gethsemane, and many of Ammon and Gerash.

Why, one could almost visit Palestine in 'studying these photographs. Having given you such help as I may, towards a comprehension of what the photographs of the Palestine Exploration Fund so generously supply, let me give you the precise name of the Society which gathers, guards, and

lays out the Fund. The name so clearly expresses the objects of the Association that it is worth remembering. It is 'A Society for the accurate and systematic investigation of the Archæology, Topography, Geology, and Physical Geography, Natural History, Manners and Customs of the Holy Land, for Biblical Illustrations.' It has a no less exalted chief Patron than Queen Victoria herself.

The 'Statement of Progress' referred to is drawn up by the Archbishop of York—whose name stands first on the Committee as its *ex officio* Chairman, and, associated with him in its preparation, were the well-known Palestine traveller, Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and Professor Owen. At that time, July 1866, the work accomplished by Lieutenant Charles Warren's predecessor was the basis of statement. This was Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, 'who had so successfully conducted the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, at the cost of Miss Burdett Coutts.' He went out in company with Lieut. Anderson R. E. 'with the view of making such a general survey of Palestine, as would enable the promoters of the Fund to fix on particular spots for further investigation. This expedition, by observations of time and latitude made *at forty-nine separate points*

between Beyrout and Hebron, and by a line of azimuths carried through the country from Banias to Jerusalem,\* formed an admirable series of topographical maps on the scale of one mile to one inch.' By these, any man may now see the whole 'back-bone' of Palestine from north to south, with all the arteries and veins (rivulets) westward of the Jordan, from Genesaret to the Red Sea. So much for topography accomplished. In Archæology, materials were obtained for some *fifty plans*, with detailed drawings of churches, synagogues, mosques, temples, tombs, &c., amongst which are plans of the cities of Beisan, Sebastiyeh and Cæsarea; of the Holy Place of the Samaritans, and the ruined Church of Justinian, on the summit of Mount Gerizim; of ancient Churches at Baal-ek, Yarun, Sebastiyeh, Beitiz, Birch, Cæsarea, Lydda, Beit Jibrin, Kuryet-el-Enab and Jerusalem; of seven Jewish Synagogues; of the Grand Mosque at Damascus; of a Mosque at Nablus; of Temples at Deir-el-Kalah, Mejdal-Anjar, and Kedes, and of numerous tombs in various parts of the country. Inscriptions were found and copied and 'squeezed,' (with pulpy paper, that dries and holds the impression) at a dozen or more places, and several of these were new. The Hebrew and Samaritan

inscriptions have been referred to Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum, who will tell what they mean. Extremely interesting remains of Synagogues have occurred at Tell-Hum, one or more of them possibly the very buildings in which Jesus taught (though this is only an inference of your writer.) Tell-Hum, you are aware, lies at the north end of the Sea of Galilee, and is the strongest claimant for the site of that old town, which heard, more than any other, the voice of Jesus,—Capernaum.

Chorazin is also found, with a large degree of certainty, a couple of miles north of Tell-Hum. It is a matter of satisfaction that the Arabs about the country seem favourable, or not opposed to the explorations; and that the Sultan in Constantinople is engaged to check the fanaticism of his local Pachas. In Jerusalem the local Nazib Pacha is continually putting himself in the way to be gently walked over and ignored, and if he show fight, referred to *the Consul*. By treaty, you know, no Englishman in Syria can be reached by a Turk, unless he use as his instrument, the hand of the English Consul. The same rule also obtains in the case of all foreigners and their several consuls. Shall I mention here that Reschid Pacha is Governor-General of Syria, with his head-quarters at



Beirout, and that Daoud Pacha, a convert and a Christian, rules over some two hundred thousand Christians in the district (*eyalet*) of Lebanon. Daoud, you may remember, was nominated by the Five Powers, and then formally appointed by the Sultan. But I am off my track. I must close this letter with a brief specimen of Lieutenant Warren's Reports, and a few words of the ground over which he took us, a day or two since. I snatch the following at random from one of Warren's recent letters or reports to the Honorary Secretary, George Grove, Esq., London. He says.—'About a mile W. by N. of Jerusalem, on the crest of a hill, is a chasm in the rocks, about which there are many traditions.' 'We went there last Monday, provided with three ladders, reaching altogether 120 feet, and a dockyard rope, 165 feet long. We had three men to assist in lowering us on the rope. The entrance from the top just allows of a man squeezing through: but, as you descend, the chasm opens out until, at 125 feet, it spreads to 15 feet by 2 or 3. At this point is a ledge. We rested there while we lowered the ladders another 30 feet, to enable us to descend to the bottom, which is at the depth of 155 feet from the surface. The chasm is exactly perpendicular,

and its bottom is horizontal. Water was fast dripping from the rocks, but quickly ran out of sight. On the floor was a rough stone pillar, and near it the skeleton of an infant. Close to the pillar is a cleft in the rock, very narrow, with water running into it. I got down into this crevice which grew narrower and narrower. Finally, there being no hold, I slipped down until my head was about four feet below the surface. Here I was fast, and every moment jammed me tighter down the cleft. Ten minutes of desperate struggling, and the help of a friendly grip, brought me to the surface again, minus a considerable portion of my skin and clothing. On ascending—at one time the grass-rope ladder caught fire : at another the men suddenly let me down three feet, and the jerk wrenched the rope for a moment out of their hands.' 'I cannot help thinking that the cleft is in part artificial.' Such are the daily perils and scrapes encountered.

Without the plans, I wholly despair of your following our devious track, from the Jews' Wailing Place down, down, coal-mine corb fashion, into shafts, through single and double lines of arches, occasionally crossing the most mephitic sewers—then into large and well-aired halls—from

Robinson's Arch to Wilson's arch, and so a good way into and through the old viaducts and bridges that carried men, for ages, across the Tyropean Valley. Then up and back again, we were drawn, one by one, with the most exemplary caution and without the slightest danger. After a refreshing walk in the day-light, down we went again into a shaft that led to what was evidently once a wholly sealed and subterranean fountain, used by the people in times of siege. This descent was by a loose rope ladder, and so deep that no lady thought of attempting it. It brought us, below, to within fifty feet of the Virgin's Fount, and in the near vicinity of the Pool of Siloam. You know that there have long existed open catacombs beneath the city, and it is now becoming evident that arched ways, at present full of solid *debris*, led entirely across Jerusalem from the Great Mosque to the Jaffa Gate.

But without the plans, which I may bring you by-and-by, you can hardly get a clear idea of the new city that is yet to be largely discovered, and the extremely interesting localities (and probably among them a new *Via Dolorosa*!) that are to be identified. England's Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Lords, Bishops, Barons, Deans, Professors, Ecclesiastics, and Merchants—in a word all

Bible-believing men—seem stirred to know what is to come of all this. Meantime, such as have a guinea a year to spare, hand it over, saying, to men like warren and his effective aid, Sergeant Birtles—‘ Here, go prove all things—and hold fast that which is good and true !’

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## No. IX.

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### TURKEY IN EUROPE.

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*Constantinople, April 27, 1868.*—The most showy, dazzling, splendid city of Europe, if not of the world is—Constantinople. Here you have a veritable ‘City of Palaces.’ I know of no city on earth for which nature has done so much. Constantinople proper, that glorious triangle based by the sea of Marmora, and having the ‘Golden Horn’ Frith, for one leg, and its double line of European walls for the other, is commonly known as ‘Stamboul.’ Another triangle, soon to be as large, and, except the seven mosques, more handsomely built, lies to the north and north-east of ‘Stamboul.’ This will have the estuary of the Golden Horn for its hypotenuse, on the south, the west shore of the Bosphorus for its shorter leg, and be open to a wider and wider swing of the longer leg northwards to the fountain-head of the Golden Horn, or ‘The sweet waters of Europe.’ In one single point this part of Con-

stantinople is like Calcutta, with her Garden Reach, Kidderpore, Alipore, Ballygunge, &c. It is made up of a large number of suburban villages which are gradually running into one mass of connected roads, streets, and public and private buildings. In no other respect can I see the least traceable resemblance. Calcutta lies on a dead level of river drift alluvion. Constantinople, as to its surface, recalls, more than any other rolling plateau with which I am acquainted, that of the Neilgherry Hills. You are no sooner at the foot of one slope but you must mount another. None of the three sides of Stamboul will exceed four miles in length, and yet these three outlines enclose *seven* distinctly marked hills. When you understand that they are capped and plumed by mosques, the grandest ever built, whose minars pierce the clouds,—you will begin to realize the bewitching beauty of Stamboul.

The comparatively new and most rapidly growing part of Constantinople is about as hilly as the old city. It is not at the west end, but is the northernmost of the two triangles. Of a dozen masses of building, ranging from Sudludje on the west to Orta-Keui on the Bosphorus, the two that lie nearest to the centre of life and business are *Pera* above and *Galata* below, at the mouth of the

Golden Horn or proper *harbour* of the city. A glance at the map will show you that there is no protection for shipping in the sea of Marmora, on the south side of Stamboul; and the Bosphorus, the only remaining water surface, is too deep, and its Black Sea current too rapid for safe anchorage. The prevailing winds also are either north or south, and so the *wind* current of the Bosphorus will allow ships no rest. I am just now counting the steamers under my eye. I see thirty-four, large and small, at anchor : and every one of them lies close within the mouth of the Golden Horn, between Seraglio Point and the lower bridge-of-boats. For a score of years or more, as you may know, English steamers, managed by English engineers, with latterly a few engineers Turkish and Ionian, have been flitting up and down the Horn, and to the outlying suburbs here and there, loaded with men and women, much as they do up and down the Thames. They came out at first on experiment as 'tugs.' But the Turks found they paid so handsomely that they have at length secured to themselves nearly all the stock. It is partly English stock, and so less likely to be touched by forced loans, and sudden and unexpected Government exactions, than some others. Slow as

the Turks are, they are bright enough to see this and take advantage of it. Eight days of delighted movement about this city and its suburbs, and many hours of good talk with old residents, official, non-official and missionary, have given me such a mass of things to rehearse to friends who were never here, that I know not where to begin.

*In medias res* ! You will say, and so it must be. (1)—Public schools what of them ? Among the chief Turkish officials, Subhi Bey is called the Minister of Public Instruction, but he has few girls' schools to examine, for there are none ; and Turkish women are almost as ignorant as house-sparrows and mocking-birds. By the way Turkish veiling of the female face so as to let peep out only a pair of black eyes, is a mere trick to soften and heighten the complexion. The two veils or bindings, one of the forehead and the other of the face above the nose, are of the softest and most transparent gauze, and are so far from hiding the skin, that they really make a coarse surface fine, and the ruder outlines soft. 'Tis good policy to wear such unveiling veils as these, and they know it. The children of both sexes have large eyes, far apart, and not a little of the fat order of beauty ; but, like some of your beauties in Bengal, they owe too much of this



plumpness to butter and sugar. There are schools of little howling learners scattered, almost every where, like our Bengali *patshallas*, and teaching about as little. Children of both sexes here howl together in the same school, and write on slates, up to nine years of age. Subhi Bey's work as Minister of Public Instruction is, I hear, chiefly confined to the barracks and the schools for training cadets into soldiers.

One school for a higher order of teaching, has been sanctioned by the Sultan since he went to London, and will be wholly supported by him. A handsome building here in Pera is now being prepared for this college of H. M. Abdul Aziz. The instruction is to be of wider sweep than is common in Turkey, and will be given by well qualified French teachers and professors. Here is a beginning, at least, of something like education.

(2)—What of the Hospital at Scutari consecrated by the labors of Florence Nightingale? It is now turned into a barrack for Turkish soldiery, and is wholly occupied by them. The cemetery hard by, which lulls to their last sleep some eight thousand British soldiers, remains undisturbed in spite of the Baron Marochetti's memorial column in its midst. It is easy to know at sight what

any large building is, in this part of the world. They are all either mosques or barracks: (3)—Nobody seems to know anything of the great English Hotel ‘on the scale of the largest in London or Paris’—which Bradshaw told us a year ago ‘was shortly to be commenced at Pera.’ ‘A special firman from the Sultan’ was obtained for it, and investors were to find a very handsome return for their money, &c., but it hangs fire. The Pera hotels, Missiri’s, Bysance, D’Orient, &c., are the best I have seen since leaving Calcutta, or say Madras. For good pay, 12, 16 to 25 francs a day, they give excellent fare, and, to a teetotaller, I assure you, the abundance of apples and pears, though now a little out of season, is a great treat. Grapes and figs, the best in the world, come abundantly in August and September.

Madras far exceeds Constantinople in the excellence of its fish, nor can our *Hilsa* or *Bhecty* be matched in these regions; which, considering the seas hereabout, rather surprises me. (4)—What of the newspapers?—how many dailies—any as good as *Galignani*?—No. They are found by twos and threes, but are small affairs, and in many different languages. The best one, in fact the only one in English, is the *Levant Herald*,

more properly a weekly journal. On Wednesdays only, it prints a tolerably good-sized sheet, but on other days gives what it calls a bulletin, the size of 'a Price Current,' half in English and half in French, and containing such telegrams as may come in. '*Hava's* telegrams' I see they are called. The American Minister, Mr. Morris, tells me that the telegraph is, on the whole, well managed in Turkey. I learn that besides the one English, there are *three Greek* dailies, three French, (all in Pera) two Turkish, one Armenian, and two or three Armeno-Turkish daily newspapers. (5)—The Greeks show much of their old intellect here. Since they were given their liberty in 1828—only forty years—they have shewn a surprising recuperative power. Under their democratic monarchy they are a little heady sometimes, but are pushing forward under a good system of common schools for all Greece. The University of Athens has fifteen hundred students; and its professors, I believe, are all Greeks. They are a highly patriotic people, and from all parts of the world send money home for public purposes; so I am assured by one Minister here, who has watched them for nine years. He says that the idea of strengthening and enlarging Greece by giving her the out-lying pro-

vinces that once belonged to her, is rising to be a question of as great importance to the five powers as that of sustaining Turkey. From all that I can learn of the Turks, they resist culture, and with *some* encouraging exceptions, oppose doggedly all real advancement. If a Divine Providence would give them a paradise in Arabia, there would be many to thank him for it. Russian stupidity and venality would be hardly an improvement on the Turkish, but something better than either for this gloriously ruined land, may possibly be on the books. (6)—What of the present Sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz?—And what is he to the government of his country?—Does he rule, and rule ably?—Not a bit of it, not he. He occasionally struggles to the light, while his ministers try their best to keep him in the dark: so that he shall do nothing but build himself new palaces and new mosques. There is much absurd gossip about his getting into furious rages, firing pistols, slashing ottomans, and kicking mirrors to pieces. He certainly does not *look* like an ill-balanced man. One might easily mistake him for an Englishman of 45, so steady and sturdy is his bearing. Leading his life out of sight, no one can know much about him. The best thing going

is that he now insists on seeing every copy of a newspaper called *The Mookh Bir*, published in Paris by an old Turk, once an eminent officer here, and head of a department. This wronged man, Mustapha Fazil Pacha, has means of discovering most of the cheating and robbery that pass for justice and government in Turkey. He tells the truth, and—except Ali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, who is said to be a remarkably able and true man—hundreds of other Pachas are shaking in their shoes. So much for the present.

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No. X.

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BUCHAREST.

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*May 3rd, 1868.*—I write to you from the captial of Roumania, a city of 150,000 souls. I am in Christendom again; though it is a Christian land tributary to Islam. Here, as in the days of the Crusades, the Moslem taxes the Giaour. The Turk is receding, however. He is hard pushed towards the wall by nominally Christian powers, but England and four others are doing their best to sustain him. The Transylvanian 'Alpen,' the south wing of the Carpathian range, which I shall be nearing this evening in the diligence for Kronstadt, are full of metals, full of coal, full of salt mines, full of untold wealth, but no man may open them until Providence has decided among the three claimants which is the rightful owner of the Carpathian Hills. Is it Turkey? No. She is going down. Is it Austria? Is it Russia? The question is easily put, but who knows when the answer will

come, or what it will be? Just enough of these mountain treasures leak out to give a hint of their value. For example, two salt mines are opened, the one at Rimnik and the other at Okna, in the north centre and north-east of Wallachia, and both are worked by Wallachian convicts.

Again, petroleum mines are so richly welling over with earth-oil in several quarters northward from Bucharest, and not very far from the city, that its streets are lighted with kerosene of apparently very good quality. Large quantities of it also go into private use. A friend at my elbow says that it is sold at about an English six-pence the half-gallon here, which would be eight annas a gallon. Half of this goes for the carriage of it from the mines to the capital. It was only three years ago, in February 1865, that Roumania became a nation. *Roumelia* is, you know, that province of Turkey which, lying south of Bulgaria and far south of the Danube, surrounds Constantinople. The name Roumania is new. It stands for the country formed by the recent union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Its shape, on the map, is not unlike that of an uplifted arm or coat-sleeve bent at the elbow. Wallachia extends from the neck to

the elbow, and Moldavia, the northerly province of the two, reaches from the elbow to the hand. The Pruth is Moldavia's east line, and the Danube makes the south line of Wallachia. Magnificent mountains run around the whole inner, i. e., northern and western edge of the arm. For the seven years preceding 1865, Prince Couza ruled these two provinces, and ruled them well. He was an humble Colonel in the army, at a time when factions ran high, and was called to the chief place in the Government by a compromise among the people, because he belonged to no party. It is said that he was so little expectant of the honor that, when first hailed as their Prince and Governor by one of his old friends, he was sitting and smoking in a *café*, and that he caught up a chair and flung it at the man who made obeisance, supposing that he was chaffing him. Prince Couza worked nobly in the interests of the people, for six or seven years. With a strong will and much liberality, he gave of his limited means to the public good. He also generously showed his teeth to the monastic and priestly establishments; and bade them work for the direct benefit of the State. It was only when he took it into his head to



establish a dynasty by the repudiation of his childless wife, and found her anything but a consenting Josephine, that in his despair, he rushed recklessly into debauchery wilder and wilder, till he staggered into a miserable grave.

The present ruler of Roumania,—Prince Charles, 24 years of age,—is a Roman Catholic Hohenzollern Siegmaringen, recently affiliated to the throne of Prussia; he appears to be very chary of giving an opinion on any subject. He is reticent to a fault, and contents himself with reminding such as ask for his opinion, that he is a constitutional prince, and refers them for his views to the constitution itself. This may or may not be something better than non-committalism. He is a young man, and new to the work of governing. Certain it is that he is a great deal among the people, always on the move, and continually travelling hither and thither. He is so popular, thus far, though he has so many to please, and such directly conflicting interests to manage, that he will prove himself a rare and able man if he holds his popularity. The great problem and leading question in Roumania to-day is, how to drive out foreign elements from her midst, and consolidate the heavy-moulded Wallachians into a people, so as to secure

their homogeneity. In Couza's time their constant pilgrimages to distant shrines and holy places, with the gifts of gold and silver lavished therein and thereon, miserably impoverished Wallachia. He took up the matter vigorously, and by wise and strong legislation decidedly checked this waste.

Just now the question is, what shall be done with the Jews, some 250,000 men, who are in the country, but not of it. There is a dire persecution now going on against them, worthy of Nero. There is a fierce and destructive fanaticism abroad. Worse than mob-law, namely, a Governmental endorsement of mob-law, is now driving the poor Hebrews, like frightened cattle, from village to village and from refuge to refuge. Where it is to end, no man can say. Their houses, often handsome and well furnished dwellings, are, while I write, being broken into and pillaged; and this apparently at the instigation and under the direct countenance of the village prefects. The hapless Jews, with their wives and children, if we may believe the newspapers, are almost, if not quite, as badly off as were the English families of refugees in India, when they had to cross the open country and run for their lives in 1857.

The thing has become such a scandal in the eyes of all Europe, wherever bands of these intelligent sufferers have sent out their appeals,—that Prince Charles has been compelled, at least nominally, to take their part. His own country, and its claims for life and independence, are too feeble to bear the loss of the moral support of one or more of the leading nations of Europe. Therefore he has overtly taken the position of Protector of the Jews, and bids them give him a full and faithful statement of their wrongs. Meantime the Government chiefs of the towns and villages cry *bravo* to the young men who are breaking the windows of Hebrews' dwellings, and discharging pistols into their parlours from the high-ways and gardens. Your telegrams will probably give you later news than I, concerning these outrageous proceedings. Wholesale murders are happily not so common as to be perpetrated, in these days, without moving sympathy and protest. \*

However carefully gathered the impressions of a stranger passing rapidly through a new country, they must be received with a large allowance. One of my best informants who pleads well for the Jews, but cannot deny that the Wallachians, or say rather Roumanians, have some excuse

for their madness, is an English gentleman who has been residing here at Bucharest for ten years. Again, as for Prince Charles, another Englishman tells me—and he is one to whom I am indebted for his large hospitalities—that the Prince is the vereist tool of Prussia, is heartily sick of his bargain, and would be off to-morrow if he could. I shall soon be in Transylvania, a country as far ahead of Roumania as Roumania is in advance of Turkey. It was not exactly the people of Roumania—Wallachs as they all are—but 200,000 of the Wallachians, settled like a dividing line between Hungary and Transylvania, that Austria roused in 1848, and flung like a pack of blood-hounds upon the Hungarians: thus melting, for the first time, in the fire of a common misfortune, the privileged and non-privileged classes there; and welding the Magyar [pronounced Modyor] count and baron with the Magyar non-freeholder and farm hand, who from that day have one heart and one soul. Since that time all Hungarians have greeted all Hungarians as equals, though the realisation of Kossuth's idea of 'God, the Constitution, Brotherhood' can only come to its full growth there, with growing generations of men.

But to return to Bucharest. In its neighbourhood I see more than one railroad bridge in process of construction, and the expectation is that two years, at furthest, will see the iron way open for travel and merchandise, not only, as now, from Varna on the Black Sea to Rustchuk on the Danube, but by Bucharest, Kronstadt, Clausenburg and Gross Wardein—if not by Arad—to Pesth; and so, by Vienna, connect the Black Sea with the great system of European railways that now run all over the continent. Were not the Turks so constitutionally slow, and habitually unreliable in all their movements, we might expect, in two or three years, to see the Sultan's railway become a fact. This is to run from Constantinople, by Varna, straight to the Danube, if he can raise the money to build it. But who would contract to build it for him without an advance of the total cost, or a lien upon nearly the whole of it?

You are more or less familiar with the route by which Vienna may now be soonest reached from Constantinople. In the harbour or 'Corne d'or' of that city, lies the steamer which takes you through the Bosphorus, and then a couple of hundred miles, north by west, over the S. W. corner of the Black Sea, to Varna. Another two

hundred miles, or more, in nearly the same direction, or say west by north, takes you across Bulgaria from Varna to Rustchuk. For five or six years it has been possible to buy a ticket *through* from Constantinople to London. In 1863, I met, in Vienna, a gentleman who was going to England by one of these through-tickets. A word to such as contemplate returning home, not *viâ* Southampton, but by the less costly and far pleasanter route through Constantinople. I saved ninety rupees, out of the (old) P. and O. charge, *viâ* Gibraltar and Malta to Alexandria, in 1863, by taking my way through Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Trieste and Corfu, to Alexandria. I then spent two days in Hamburg, three in Berlin, three in Vienna, and a week in Trieste. This I did in preference to taking the ordinary route to India *viâ* Marseilles. How to get and enjoy and learn so much more with the same money, on the road to or from India, that some of us must take so often, is worth a second thought.

By the way, an accident occurred at Varna might have ended less happily. Just as we had reached the pier, and were leaping from the large flag-boats provided by the Company, we saw a small boat overturned, and two young ladies, both

on their bridal tours, snatched from the water by some boatmen, and laid drenched and dripping at our feet. Restoratives were immediately applied by an American lady who chanced to have them ready, and all was soon righted. The surf was said to be uncommonly low that day. Another overturning might cause some thing worse than a ducking and a fainting-fit.

The Constantinople route, as I was saying, runs now from that city to Varna some 200 miles,—which observe, is 200 miles south of the entrance of the Danube into the Black Sea. From Varna by rail to Rustchuk, up the Danube, is another 200 miles. Thence there is no railway, but good river-stearrers run a little more than 200 miles westward to Bazias. Thence you have an unbroken railway communication over the Continent to the British Channel, by any one of a dozen routes, all of which are duly set down in your Continental Bradshaw. It was not without some misgivings that I resisted the invitation of pleasant companions to proceed with them; and crossing the Danube at Rustchuk to Guirgevo, took the post-wagon, 40 miles northwards, to Bucharest. The transition from Turkish to Christian soil and institutions was very striking. Rustchuk is gay

with mosques, not large, but numerous, and they nearly all have tall and sharp minarets. You cross to Guirgevo [pronounced Gergivo with both *g's* soft] and go on to Bucharest (40 miles for a ducat, which is nine shillings and six pence).

Once on the north bank of the Danube, and every sign of a mosque has disappeared. Can it be that while the Turks are so increasingly tolerant of the erection of our churches in their land, we Christians are intolerant of their setting up a house of prayer, in which they may worship God according to their consciences and the best light they have? I am bound to say nothing here of their inward graces, though I do know some Mussulmans who seem to me to be more faithful men than some 'Christians.' I will say that neither in Guirgevo nor Bucharest have I yet seen a single church edifice that was not greatly out of symmetry and fair proportion. In nearly every instance,—and I have looked sharply at many—the Church tower and belfry are so thick and large and high, as to remind one of a big man on a small horse. They are put out of countenance altogether, these clumsy erections, by any and all of the handsomer Mussulman houses of worship in Constantinople; not to whisper of



the Jumma Musjeed, the Motee, or the Taj. Even the postage-stamps of Turkey are the most graceful and pretty of all postage-stamps. They give you but a miniature of the Turkish flag, the young moon carrying a single star in her bosom. But I must close here, and may write you next from Transylvania. Bucharest is a handsome city. One of its considerable streets has been re-named 'Charles Street' after its new Prince. Who does not wish well to Roumania?

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No. XI.

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J Y E R E S

*Near Clausenburg ; the Capital of Transylvania.*

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May 15, 1868.—I wrote you last from the new Kingdom, or rather Princedom of Roumania, which, uniting two of the North-Danubian Provinces, came into being, and took its name three years ago. I write to-day from Transylvania, lately restored to her old constitution, united with Hungary, and allowed her ancient Parliament little more than a year ago. You remember that, at the battle of Sadowa, so disastrous to Austria, thirty thousand Hungarian troops laid down their arms, and refused to fight for an Emperor who exacted of their country taxation without representation. Looking hereafter to Hungary for hearty assistance, and for two hundred thousand men, in his next great fight, whenever that may be, Francis Joseph has acted very generously in refusing the half-measures thrust upon him by his counsellors at Vienna. He has given back to Hungary her Constitution of 1848—her own independent Constitution

for six hundred years—reformed in 1848, and now restored to her, which secures an elective representation and self-governing power. This is vested in her own Diet, which meets at Pesth, in the heart of her own territory. There is held the open and free discussion of all public interests, done—no longer in out-landish German—but in her own singularly non-Germanic vernacular. The Diet is now in session, and I look to being present there in a few days, to study the temper and refinement of the people, in the faces and bearing of her leading men ‘in Congress assembled.’ Let me say that I am most agreeably surprised at the quite English culture of mind and gentleness of life in those I have been thrown among thus far in this country. Not that Transylvania,—of which alone let me now speak, as I have not yet entered Hungary Proper,—has not been for centuries the freest little country in Europe.

About a hundred years ago, England publicly burned a Christian Unitarian for his opinions ; and full a hundred and seventy-seven years ago Hungary gave, in the first article of her *Diploma Leopoldinum*, in 1691, an assurance of equal rights ‘to the four religions,’ viz., the Catholic, Lutheran, Reformed, (or Calvinist,) and the

Unitarian, with permission to build new churches wherever their members might require them. The second article secured to each of these religions 'all the lands, tithes, benefices, foundations, churches, schools, &c., then actually possessed by them,' although they might have formerly belonged to the Roman Catholics. The third ensured to the Transylvanians the enjoyment of their civil privileges, according to the established laws of Hungary; while, by the Saxons, (German immigrants) their own Municipal organisations were to be retained. Thus, you see, that long before—nearly two centuries before—religious liberty, annual parliaments, the payment of members, and the election of magistrates were possible in England. Transylvania was exacting the confirmation of her ancient charter from the Emperor of Austria. On the easternmost borders of European civilisation, you have here a country with institutions that almost give it the lead of the freest countries in the old world. An intelligent English gentleman, whose favored guest I have been, and who has a couple of thousand acres of the best land in Transylvania, largely under culture, tells me that Transylvania can, with as little justice, be called an aristocracy, as the

United States of America. The Wallachs and gipsies here occupy the places held by the Indians and free negroes of the United States,—or a somewhat higher one,—and beyond these ‘Cananitish’ classes, the Yankees and the Transylvanians enjoy nearly equal rights. This is truer to-day than it ever was. It is practically much truer since the battle of Sadowa, and the opening of the now one-year-old National Parliament. It is vastly better realised than it was before the terrible revolution of 1848, when Austria let loose upon this prairie land, fenced by green mountains, her plundering, murdering, merciless Wallachian hordes ; a broad strip of whose *habitat* lay between Hungary and Transylvania, along her west and by her northern boundary. The awful massacres of Scio and Cawnpore, done by the Turks in Greece, and the sepoys in Northern India, were then enacted here. They were, if possibly, exceeded in the butchery and torture of parents and children, of old and young, of male and female.

I am daily correcting my mis-impressions concerning the existence of strong antagonism between nobles and serfs, Magyars and peasants privileged and non-privileged classes. There was

a time when the Moslem power made it as difficult here, as it is now in Syria and Constantinople, for Christians to buy and hold land in fee-simple. There it is bought to-day, of necessity, in the name of a Turk; as, for example, in the recent purchase of land for the American College at Beyrout. There the nominal purchaser is the Turk, who has to lodge at the foreign consulate, an instrument forswearing for himself and his posterity, any claim whatever to the ground which has been bought in his Turkish name. Passing the spot on the Bosphorus, the other day, in sight of Constantinople, where a generous New Yorker, Mr. Robert, is seeking to erect another American College on Turkish soil, I learned that though there were some sixty students waiting for the building, the 'Robert College' could not go up on the spot long since promised for it, because its loftier windows would overlook a—rather distant—Turkish cemetery, and might thus grieve the spirits of the departed. The time when such superstitions might have clogged the wheels of progress *here* is long gone by.

To say that Clausenburg and Buda-Pesth are quite as wide-awake as London and Edinburgh, or as New York and Boston, is hardly true. Freedom

and education are now perhaps as openly *offered* to Hungarians as to Englishmen ; but Hungary has been too long fenced in by despotic powers to stand up and feel her own worth as she should. By the way, Kossuth's recent letter to Schwartz which first appeared in Vienna, and which it is just possible you have reproduced in the *Englishman*,—stating that of women led to the altar, *eighty per cent.* cannot write their names, and that 97 per cent. of recruits are in the same predicament—is widely discredited here, as based on statistics, educational and otherwise, rather assumed than authentic. You may not be aware that Hungary is indebted to England for at least one effective leader in the improvement of her agriculture. There seems to be no reason why she should not be one of the best wine-growing countries in Europe. She took one of the heaviest gold medals for the excellence of her wines at the recent World's Exhibition in Paris. I was yesterday taken over his farms and experimental vineyards, here at Jyeres, by the English agriculturist, John Paget, Esq., whose well-known work on Hungary, appeared in its second edition in 1850. He has spared no pains, for years, in selecting the richest grapes of Europe, with a view

to add their culture, soil and weather permitting, to the finest kinds that are native to Hungary. The farming people here have the credit, in all the guide-books I have seen, of being the best schooled and most alive and well-to-do of any agriculturists in Europe. Still, even here, one has to be very patient, and can effect no sudden or miraculous change in the minds of workmen more or less wedded to their old systems.

The icy necklace or wrapper of the Carpathian mountains runs round nearly three-fourths of the national domain of Hungary. This protracts the presence of frost and frosty air, far into the lap of spring. So it is that her vineyards are liable to be frost-nipped to the very end of May. If spared this infliction, her soil is so rich and unexhausted, and her summers are so much hotter and longer than those of the south of England, that the apple, peach, nectarine, apricot, vine, and a large variety of other fruits, give a richer yield than is often known in similar latitudes and less favored soils. Properly managed, living may be very comfortable here, at a lower figure than in Great Britain; and now that land-tenures are quite as secure here as there, why should not good and thrifty English farmers and gentlemen of property, or even 'old



Indians' leaving Bengal to return to bracing air and homely occupations,—though Hungarian are *colder* than English winters—find rest, buy farms and educate their rising families around their own hearth-stones in *Hungary*? I should add that that name includes, under a regenerated nationality,—besides Hungary Proper, and Transylvania, its old eastern border-lands, Dalmatia, Slavonia, and Croatia. It has access to the sea by the Adriatic Gulf through Croatia, and its entire population is about fifteen millions. One million and two hundred thousand of the Transylvanians, are of the Greek church, though one-half of these belong to Rome, and call themselves 'United Greeks.' Of the remainder, though Queen Isabella and her Court, and nearly all Transylvania were once Unitarian, the numbers now stand as follows:—60,000 Unitarian Christians, 150,000 Lutherans, 200,000 Roman Catholics, and 300,000 Calvinists. The English language is studied by the intellectual of both sexes, and is a regular branch of instruction at the Capital, Clausenburg, in the Unitarian College. Ladies study it here, partly for conversation, but mainly that they may enjoy the best issues of the English press, including the lighter

literature of England. Dickens is a favorite, Thackeray is liked ; and many look across the Atlantic to Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Longfellow. One of the indubitable marks of liberty and progress here, is found in the fact that two important railways are now under construction ; one from the capital straight to Fiume, on the Adriatic ; and another to connect with Constantinople. Long neglected by Austria, for political reasons, they are now started, and partly built. The times have greatly changed.

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## No. XII.

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### B U D A - P E S T H.

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*May 25, 1868.*—The recent triumph of Hungary and her liberal English principles, though in conjunction with Austria and the despotic dynasty of the Hapsburgs, is a bit of living history, of interest to every man. Six centuries ago, within seven years of each other, Hungary and England obtained of weakened royalty, by the power of leagued barons, each a Magna Charta. England's was wrested from her King in 1215. Hungary's from hers in 1222. It seems hard to say it—but it is a fact that, at that day, the Hungarians were quite as much advanced as the English, and even exceeded them in sound notions of personal freedom, of civil rights, and of politics in general. Had Hungary been born on a tight little island, and not in the deep woods, in the midst of a bad lot of wolves and leeches, there is no telling how the race of the Magyars would have stood to-day, as compared with the British,

and their leadership among the nations. Austria has recently done something for herself as well as for Hungary. She has given education a good start. She has flung the Concordat, not exactly into her Papa's face, but we will say into the Danube: and, better still, she has balanced accounts with her own Roman Catholic clergy, and decreed that henceforth a bride and groom may become one flesh without priestly consent. Marriages are valid by the sanction of the civil law,—never before so sacred,—and without the needed sacrament of the dominant church. Yes, Austria has done herself honor while doing tardy justice to Hungary.

For nineteen years has Hungary, as patiently as vainly, bidden her 'constitutional' monarch come and be crowned. Only since Sadowa has he consented. And to-day Franz Joseph bravely refers his priestly advisers,—while declining their 'foggy' councils,—to the Constitution. The constitution is now Emperor, and he its servant. The Hungarians,—as I hear just now in conversation with one or another of their lawyers, returned political exiles, and members of the Diet,—can scarcely persuade themselves that this is not luck too good to last. Like boys long dependent for a copper on the

whim of their old Governor, and told that he has to-day made them a fixed and fair allowance to spend as they like, the Hungarians take seats in their own Parliament here, looking each other curiously in the face, and whispering,—‘Is this not too fine to be true?’ Kossuth, as you know, does not believe a word of it. ‘Wait a little,’ he says, ‘I don’t believe in Austria.’ Fewer and fewer stand with him from day to day. Fifteen out of four hundred members of the Diet side with him, so far as to argue that Hungary should, if possible, feel her own strength; and be slow, slower, slowest, to trust herself, poor lamb, to go and suckle the old wolf. ‘Hobson’s choice,’ the vast majority reply, ‘We must starve, or do it. The wolf seems motherly now, and if she will only guard us from the other beasts, we may yet live and do well.’ Kossuth, noble fellow, as he is, sticks to his rock at Turin and cries to his countrymen ‘Don’t be fools!’ ‘What are we to do?’ they again and again demand of him. He replies, ‘Doing nothing is better than acting like fools;’ and there his advice comes to an end. Meantime the tide of life rushes on, and must go somewhere. ‘If we cannot do as we would, we must do as we can,’ say the great body

of the Hungarians. They are, in fact, getting out of patience with their governor that was, and saying to him, 'Kossuth, Kossuth, propose something, give us your plan of procedure, if you don't like ours. Lay down your own programme; if you don't like this, give us a better.' But Kossuth will at present only say what should *not* be done. He can but repeat the old saw,—'When you know not what to do, do not do you know not what,'—and there he stands, and will go no further.

Sitting in the gallery of the Diet the other day and seeing Deak on his legs, I asked a Hungarian gentleman, who had been eighteen years in America,—'Would you call Deak and Kossuth enemies or friends?' He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. 'Kossuth condemns us all,' he said, 'and chooses a hostile attitude towards nearly every man of us. Deak believes in making the best of a bargain, as who does 'not, except an ideologist here and there. Kossuth' is personally no man's enemy, but politically he stands at daggers drawn with us and our leader. Deak is, as you see, a man of sixty odd; lazy at work, but a wise and good councillor. We all believe in Deak. The ministry is known as the Deak ministry, as much as Palmerston's

was known by his name. Simple and accessible as a child, he is enemy to no man, still he yields his conclusions to no man. His convictions are his own, and he brings us round to them, we hardly known how.'

The session of the Diet that I attended here at Pesth, opened, as usual, with the acceptance and reference of petitions. One of these, that had in it the old canker of race-distinctions, brought out considerable fire. The discussion waxed warm, till finally the Speaker's heavy bell came into requisition to restore order. 'Hoyook, hoyook!!' (hear, hear!) was shouted and yelled in a way to prevent hearing, as it is, on occasions, in the English Parliament. And when Dobrasky rose to speak, a betrayer of Hungary and truckler to Austria, as he has so miserably been for years,—the storm rose to a tempest. They let him know unmistakeably that they did not want his advice. Deak then came to the rescue and brought the Diet to its bearings. He argued, fortifying his argument by reading out of the Rules, that all petitions must first pass into committee without discussion; the whole debate was consequently ruled out of order, and the petition that had caused the excitement was referred.

‘ Who are some of your hardest workers ? ’ I asked of a gentleman at my side, as we looked down upon the members now restored to quiet. ‘ Workers ? ’ he replied, ‘ we have no workers here. You see that fine face just turned towards us ? That is Baron Eötvös, our Minister of Education. You might perhaps call him a worker. Though, as I tell you, we have no heart to work ; and if we had, we should not be comparable as laborers with your English and American statesmen. The Diet’s hour of meeting is ten o’clock in the morning, and it breaks up at 2 P. M. The members receive each his two and a half guldens (rupees) a day, with pay unstopped during the occasional weekly adjournments ; besides two hundred guldens a year, as bed and board allowance. With this nowise extravagant pay, they discuss and vote and act on committees after their quiet fashion : but of really hard and hearty workers, we have none. We have been kept out of our own business for so many years, that we return but slowly to the doing of it. We take our time. Allow us to govern ourselves for a generation, or so, and we shall get our hands in, and perhaps deserve the name of workmen. There is Lonyáy, our Minister of Finance : not a first-rate financier.



Doubtless he has studied his book, and means to do his duty, but we are out of practice these many years.' I asked for the other ministers and members of the Cabinet. 'We have eight men,' was the reply, such as in America you would call the Secretary of State, of War, of the Treasury, of the Navy, &c., &c. Besides Eötvös and Lonyáy, our Ministers of Education and Finance, there is the President of the Ministry, Count Andrási, whose duties include those assigned in America to the Secretary of War. There is Baron Wenkheim, our Secretary of the Interior. There is Horváth, our Minister of Justice. Count Miko is Director of Enterprise, and of Internal Improvements. Gorové is Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, including the Post Office, and the name of Count Festetich will make eight, and complete the list of the Hungarian ministry. Festetich is our representative, and advocate with the Emperor; stays at Vienna while the Emperor is there, and is called the Minister about the person of the King. Hungary is now not a little anxious lest she be buried and forgotten, or lost and absorbed, in the Austrian Empire. She regards herself, properly enough, as the better-half of that empire. She watches, lynx-eyed, even the forms

of address, in which she is included, as they come into the Austrian Court from foreign powers. Hungary is not Austria, and she does not mean to be spoken to as Austria. She is resolved to be named, by the powers of Europe, in a phrase resembling the English title 'United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;' or at any rate in some form of words which shall not allow the world to forget that she is a nation, and means to be somebody; not a German but a Magyar, and nothing less than a Magyar. An important paper has just now been sent from Vienna to the Diet, violating, without intention, this jealous individuality; and some sharp discussion will grow out of it.

The one terror that haunts, more than any other, the day-dreams and nightly slumbers of the Hungarian people is Panslavism, Russian consolidation, a movement not unlikely to be quickened into fresh life by the successes of Bismarck and Prussia towards constituting one Germany, to say nothing of united Italy. The bone and muscle of Hungary are strangely surrounded with, and imbedded in, Slavic fat. It is important here to distinguish between similar terms. The Slave or Slave family covers all Russia, whereas the local names Slavack and Slavonian indicate two

very subordinate branches of the family, both lying within the recognised borders of Hungary. The Slaves 'must have occupied at one time nearly all the east of Europe. They, doubtless, covered the larger part of what is now Hungary. It was their country till the Huns and Magyars came down upon them, and drove them from the richer plains, to the more rocky and less fertile hills, which they now hold. It somewhat resembled the Mogul descent upon Hindostan. And now, though the Magyar invasion was one of very ancient days, Russia, if so inclined, could make out of it a stirring war-cry. So it is that Hungary is oppressed by the night-mare of Pan-slavism, or the possible *movement to be one people* on the part of those who, under the Czar of all the Russias, and under the bond of a common faith in the Greek Church, co-exist; and might rally politically for a common Church and State and popular Union. The fate of Poland would then fall upon Hungary, and all her free institutions would again be crushed by the iron heel of the Cossack. She would stand no chance of life in this deluge of despotism. No wonder the thought of such a Maelstrom makes her shiver, and look round upon her children with apprehension.

No. XIII.

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H A M B U R G.

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*Dated Hamburg, July 15, 1869.*—Fourteen months have elapsed since my last from Hungary, seven of which have been spent in America and six in England. I open on you now from the free city of Hamburg. You remember Dr. Roer, who for a score of years gave his life and labors to Bengal, and finally wore himself out in Orissa. He returned to his own Hanover, here in Germany, to die, before he could realise his hope, of recording his Indian experience. I was privileged to know him in Calcutta, and to spend, during successive years, many a rich hour in his company. I am daily reminded of him here. A wise man is always a gentle man, and refined society is gentle, the world over. With the Germans, however, there is a special gentleness. You feel it in the air of Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna. Almost every body smokes incontinently, for which a good hater of the weed

cannot wholly forgive them. But they never lose their temper. The very waiters in the hotels cannot be angered. They are never ruffled, and don't know how to be impudent. The Germans are not quick, and impulsive, like the Irish, nor sharp as the Scotch; least of all have they the brave nonchalance and self-assertion of the English. There is no home on earth sweeter than an English home. But it is commonly hemmed round with a thorn-hedge, and—a *Dieu et mon droit*,—and woe to him that would enter otherwise than by the front gate. The Germans, too, are careful as to their company. But German gentleness is gentler than the English. Of all modest people in the world the Germans are the first to know how little they know; and the readiest to give that little to every man with fascinating simplicity. Yes, Dr. Roer, though but one specimen of the ever varying German, was a fair type of what I am transiently enjoying to-day of home-life in Germany. This, too, in an atmosphere of sixty-six Fahrenheit, every promenade and sunny garden redolent of roses and heliotrope. Why can't I commission one of these refreshing gales to take wing from Hamburg to Calcutta?

I wonder if the phrase 'I'll row you up salt river,' has to do with the fact that several of the greater trading stations of the world, like Hamburg, New Orleans, Calcutta, are planted at the head of tidal or brackish waters. On the Elbe, the Mississippi, the Ganges, Hamburg lies eighty, and New Orleans and Calcutta some ninety odd miles from the sea. One is so accustomed to hear Hamburg called the New York of Northern Europe, as Calcutta is certainly the New Orleans of British India—that he is somewhat surprised at the comparative smallness of its population. New York, including Brooklyn, (its Howrah) counts up to a round million; but the population of Hamburg, according to the census taken in 1867, is only 225,000; and you must go to the extremity of Hamburg territory, to Cuxhaven, to raise the number of its people to 300,000. North-west winds are to Hamburg, in its summer time, our Himalayan monsoon; and make the hot months as invigorating as an Indian hill residence in the Neilgherries. A couple of pounds sterling will put you here, by the steamer direct, (in thirty five hours) from London; and you may come by rail through Hanover in a shorter time. My Hotel charges average only 2 or

3 rupees a day. I don't know how many English ladies, doomed to reside in India, amuse themselves by studying German. But this chanced to be the case with a friend of mine, who is now in Hamburg. She knew well that Germany was unsurpassed in the systematic and happy training of the young. On her return from India, old friends, long resident at Hamburg, called on her in England. The thing was soon arranged, and the removal made ; and she now finds herself living less expensively in a climate as pleasant as that of Yorkshire. Meats are as accessible, and fruit even more abundant and delicious, and much cheaper. In the house where she lives, half a dozen English children, now panting and pining in India, might be received cheaply, under the gentle discipline of a well-fed and well-regulated home ; and that in the same suburb, just beyond the public gardens, botanical and zoological, to the north-west. Here in Grindel-Allee and other handsomely treed avenues, a score or two of English boys and girls born in Bengal, might be delightfully homed, to the benefit of all concerned, for a series of years. I am quite sure that none of your readers will object to know of these facts, with which, if they cannot benefit themselves, they may

help their neighbours. The education given in the home to which I have referred, would include thorough book-keeping, for boys commercially bent, and give Latin and Greek if required, with a slightly elastic margin of expense for special branches. English and Irish friends here, agree with me in the conviction that nowhere, out of Germany, is there to be found a house-father and house-mother, surer of love and childhood's trust, in the enforced absence of parental guardianship, the too common penalty of British life in India.

I believe nobody comes to Hamburg without a strong desire to visit one of the most widely famed of its benevolent institutions, *the Rauhe Haus*,—so named from a *Mr. Rough* the original owner of the first humble building on the grounds which Dr. Wichern lived in—and *not* as being a 'Home for the Roughts.' It was started, in a small way, thirty six years ago, by Doctor Wichern with a simple eye to the *prevention*, rather than cure, of juvenile delinquency. Its aim is to forestal moral depravity in boys and girls, and to do it in ways wholly private and personal, excluding, as far as possible, all charity by proxy. Dr. Wichern believes in *the Home* as a divine institution. The sacred influences of home *must not be publicised*,



Home-life withers and dies in the hands of the best of Committees, of Boards of Management, of Benevolents in authority, of Police Regulations and good Annual Reports. The shrewd Doctor deals exclusively, and only, with the natural guardians, and, if possible, with the mothers and fathers of his protégés. He considers the God-given number for a home to be about a dozen. He accordingly refuses to assign more than twelve to one house or household, which is complete in all its in-door and out-door home comforts. Mettray, the well-known French Institution for juvenile reform, the idea of which seems to have been taken from the Rauhe Haus, partially violates this principle, by assigning forty or fifty to a house and home. Thus it is, that Mettray has some seven hundred boys and girls under training, while the Hamburg Reformatory seldom admits, at one time, so many as a hundred. When I asked the Doctor, whether—as in our State Reform Schools in the United States,—he snatched from the jails young people just assigned to them on a first conviction, say for petty larceny,—he smiled and shook his long white head. He did not tell me, what I shrewdly suspect, that the courts bear him no more love than

he does the courts. The Doctor, they say, is a devout Lutheran of the strictly orthodox school. I should not at all wonder if the 'Court rationalists and common sense Aldermen, including possibly the Burgomaster or Lord Mayor of Hamburg himself,—were inclined to charge the Doctor, with making too much of religion in his scheme, at the risk of making now and then a hypocrite instead of a convert. So strong is the antagonism here, and throughout Germany, between orthodoxy and democratic rationalism, that the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. They even hate one another 'like brothers.' The Doctor is not troubled by this hate, as it is no part of his plan to have anything official connected with *The Rauhe Haus*. He tells me, that there are in Germany no Farm Schools, as in America, for juvenile offenders; but that whatever special discipline is required, is given them in prison.

I shall close this letter with a few facts of general interest, which I gathered yesterday on a second visit to the Rauhe Haus.

It has been productive of so much good, that it is becoming more and more, a centre of visitation and study, by philanthropists from all parts of Europe. Ten days ago, four or five

Russian gentlemen took lodgings in the neighbourhood ; and spent five days, all day long, in the grounds and workshops, dining, by permission, with one or another of the family circles.

I seem to see three divisions of this work. Its primal aim and most prominent purpose is to receive, on parental urgency, hard-headed boys and unman-ageable girls, at as early an age as may be, and bring them fairly into ways of self-respect and honest livelihood, in service or in trades. (2)—Of later years, what they call a Pensionat, or pay-school department, has been added ; and here are occasionally found the sons of Counts and Nobles, entered by their parents for the moral benefits of the institution ; to be carried also through a course of classical study. There are sixty of these students at present ; and while the handsomest and most spacious home of all upon the grounds is assigned to them, the finances, (managed by a few merchant friends of the Doctor's,) are considerably indebted to the fees they pay. (3).—The most visily effective department of the three is that of the Brothers of Charity, if I may so call them, for they seem to be known simply as 'brothers'. Of these there are seldom less than forty residing on the grounds. They bear their own expenses for

the first year, and then, if so inclined, express a fixed purpose, and enter for life upon a course of well-doing and charitable labor, after the general principles and practice of the Rauhe Haus. There are seven or eight resident Sisters also. Their work is mainly to instruct the girls in the establishment, and it does not at present enter into Dr. Wichern's plan to secure the devotion of their lives to his cause. He looks mainly to the 'Brothers' for the dissemination of his principles. He has already some four hundred of them at work in different parts of Germany, and twenty of his graduates are teaching, preaching and working in America. They all learn a trade; and are tailors, shoe-makers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, black and white smiths, house-painters and glaziers, printers and book-binders, wool-spinners, carpet-weavers, &c. In their higher studies, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, book-keeping, &c., they look for instruction to four or five Candidates, Ministers of the Gospel, who receive a small salary, and reside on the grounds. Each of these is house-father to a home, until called to the pastorate of a regular congregation. There is so much work always going forward that, should any drone come in, he soon flies away. It

is always *something for something* as the only charity, and never something for nothing ; as so often seen in ' England, whose large and yearly increasing bounty to her poor, proves so sadly to be a bounty on pauperism. ' To discover *how not to do it so*, is the glory of Dr. Wichern, and the reason of the world's interest in him and his Rauhe Haus.

## No. XIV.

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### BERLIN.

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*July 21, 1869.*—In more senses than one Berlin is on the Spree. It is pic-nicking in all directions; along the Baltic, in the Alps, in the Carpathians, or up and down the Rhine; north, south, east and west. The King is out of town, the schools are closed for the holidays, and even grim, iron Bismarck, with his well-earned 300,000 thaler bucksheesh, has gone to the hills. The capital of all the Prussias, with its 700,000 souls, stands greatly in need of hills. It is nearly as flat as Hamburg, and built on an ocean of sand, over clay. Good drainage is impossible, except at an unattainable cost. Even the Income Tax fails to give the cash: a tax as obnoxious here as in Calcutta, and which, I am told, is levied not without spies and detectives. They have also here an *outgo* tax, a thing not yet enjoyed in Bengal. What should we say, as tenants, to paying, on our *rental*, five per cent. to Government, making every Rs. 2,000 of rent into

2,100, *pro bono publico*. If the Berliners can submit to it, why not we ? As it is, you find the streets of this superb city, like those of Hamburg, in town and suburb, reeking with waste and redolent of filth, daily forced along open drains, by hand and hoe. Both Hamburg and Calcutta rejoice in large supplies of running water; though the Alster is sluggish and almost stagnant, as compared with our glorious Hooghly. Berlin, thanks to its omnipresent sand, to filter it, has better drinking water than either ; but a niggard supply for the clearing out of her gutter mud, which, to say no more of it, is a general and permanent nuisance to all noses. Let this fact be a consolation to us ditchers in the so-called ' City of Palaces.'

Here is veritably a city of palaces, seven hundred thousand strong : a grand picture, in the splendid sweep of its King Street, Friedrichs Street, Wilhelm, Carls, Charlotten and Louisen Streets, to say nothing of its Lust-garten and its Unter den Linden ; these two, heart and aorta of the metropolis. Athens in her palmy days might have been proud, I do not say of the statuary seen here in public places and along the bridge piers, though Rauch is admirable, but

surely of the colossal *bronzes*, a number of them equestrian, which are found in many places besides the front of the grand museum and within the square of the Schloss, the Kaiser Bagh of this Lucknow.

Speaking of streets, how characteristic of a people's education and mental status are the names they bear. There are twenty-one Queen Streets in London. So in Protestant Berlin, Kings, Queens, Dukes, Church and Chapel Streets abound. I chance to be writing in Cloister Street, and have Holy Ghost Street on my left hand. These, however, with Black Friars and White Friars Streets, are evidently on the wane here; and only stay a little, to mark where the Roman Catholic tide once stood, just as the Neemtollahs and Colootollahs, Cossitollah Streets and Khansamah Khoda Bux's Lanes, of Calcutta, are waning before our Hastings, Wellington and Clive Streets, and Victoria and Dalhousie Squares. Among the characteristic sights that meet you in these streets, at all hours, is the utilisation of dogs for draught; as might well be done in our Indian cities. Both men and women here drag barrows and bundle-carts, side by side with their chosen canine yoke-fellows. In Berlin you are



continually meeting with a jolly dog that is a puppy, and one not a puppy, jogging on in life's way together, John Anderson my Jo, and his mate. The whole tone of things here is, for the masses, submission and dependence. Whether all prefer it, may be a question. With respect to the organ-grinders and bill-posters, I have my doubts.

Time was when Berlin's blank walls were as free to gigantic posters as those of London. It came to be considered ungraceful, and a defacement to a fair city. Down comes the order from above, and the people's liberty or license in this direction is at an end. Tiny round towers, locomotive boilers on end, some twelve feet high, now hold all the permitted posters. Big xylographs are seen no more. All who wish to know what the theatre, or the exchange, or the trade is doing, or wishing to do, rally about the turrets at the corners of the broader streets; and may there study it out, *multum in parvo*. What would the sovereign people do if the Lord Mayor were to order such a reform in London. There it would be 'hardest fend off.' Not so here. They grind their teeth here instead of their hand-organs, when told to shut up, and have done with street music; or take it, licensed, into closed courts.

In the capital of the musical nation, Germany, *the people* shall have no music but such as they pay for! They shall not have groups of their pauperised children waltzing together, as in English cities, with none to pay the piper, but a half-penny dropper from some garret window, or a six-penny donor of a passer-by. No street music, no street placarding (of any size), no street-begging, in elegant Berlin! As to the prohibition of begging, all right; but what say you of other things? It certainly increases the selfish pleasure in the streets, of the smokers of the best Havanas, to keep beggars away, but what say you of the unprivileged poor; of the great unwashed, and their jollification. Ten cigars and a score of tobacco pipes are smoked here, to one in New-York, or Boston. Turn which way you will in beery stolid, philosophical Germany, a smoking chimney is for ever belching its mephitic stream right into the air you are compelled to breathe: not only in the street and the horse-car, but at the dinner table; often unregardful of the presence of ladies. That German ladies, as yet, use no cigars like the Turkish and Spanish, does credit to their taste. I was treated to the rich goory odour of a Bengali hookah, in a parlor of one of the first

hotels in Berlin, the day before yesterday. It was pulled by a gentlemanly Hindoo, not the only Bengali that I have seen here. I was more surprised to find our Aryan brothers here at the heart of the continent, than to meet a score or two of them in London, and to know that not less than fifty Hindoos and Mahomedans had come to England's capital to reside there, for two or three years, or double that time; most of them as students preparing for Government service in India. That Bengalis should be turning cosmopolites, is to us a significant sign of the times.

It will take generations to bring the Bengali up to the average Englishman in will-power, and give that vigor which, whenever it appears, inevitably governs; that is, if you allow it a fair share of brains. Of practical ability and force of character examinations are no test. It was a sharp thing though, for Bengalis, both in brains and will, to do as they recently did at the Civil Service Examination in London. There are, say, fifty annual vacancies in the Civil Service. For these, four hundred and thirty-three candidates were this year examined. Five Hindoos, (no Parsees or Mahomedans) offered. Of these five, *all passed* among the first fifty examinees except

one, who reached London during the Examination week. Babu Romesh Chunder Dutt passed, according to marks, second in English; high in Sanscrit studies, and *third* of the fifty winners. Number fourteen of the succeeders is another young Calcutta Baboo, Bihari Lal Gupta. Numbers thirty-eight and thirty-nine of the selected fifty are also Hindoos. These two, you know, are under suspension, but will be restored to their places. One of them, a Mahratta from the west of India, Sripad Babaji Thakur, availed himself of Nathoo Bhai's 'travelling scholarship,' and the other, Sorendra Nath Banerjee, of the Gilchrist Fund. Both have been temporarily set aside by Sir Edward Ryan (Chairman of the Queen's Commissioners) on the ground of being over age. The *Times* and Sir John Bowring defend them; and, what is more to the purpose, I hear they have had openly expressed in their favor the voices of The Lord Chief Justice, of Mr. Justice Mellor, of Mr. Justice Blackburn, and Mr. Justice Hannen. The petition to Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, for a fuller hearing of the two suspended ones, presented early in June last, has been heard at the Queen's Bench, but their Rule *nisi* cannot take effect till November. There were at first

*three* included in the rejection; but, on consideration, Gupta Babu was restored to the list of selected candidates. The Lord Chief Justice says—‘ Show us that we have jurisdiction, and no doubt we shall exercise it.’ Bengali talent is waking up; and we are all agreed to welcome it when it shows energy enough to shoot the Kalapani and present itself in London. Let it come to the front, neck and neck with English wit, and it shall have all it can win, fair field and open fight.

By the way, one of the managers of the Gilchrist Fund expressed to me recently the delight he should feel, at seeing not only the Hindoo, but an African competitor succeed under it. But I am writing of Berlin, and may say of my talk about the Baboos, as a cool Yankee said to an Irish opponent in argument, who, for want of better, struck him in the face, ‘ Ah! that was a digression; now to our point!’ .

All the finer part of this metropolis, as of London, lies to the west of the old city. Evidently from London, they have adopted the phrase ‘ West End,’ which you see posted in English, at the western exit of the ‘ Thier Garten.’ The animal or beast garden, of 8,000 acres, seems a poor name for the finest city park in Europe.

There are, in Berlin, few or none of those Euston Squares and Russell Squares, too small for parks, but which add so much to the health of large English cities. Berlin has bits of open space, here and there, covered with slabs and paving stones, like her *Schloss Platz*, her *Lust Garten* square, and her *Spittel Markt*. In some of these, you find gardeners and women watching long lines of baskets of potatoes and fruit, of carrots and apricots, and cherries of the finest sorts. But no green squares or gardened breathing-places break the interminable lines of five-storied stuccoed houses, that stretch on and on for miles. The Schimpffs and the Schuncks do everything by the lump, being each himself a lump, with his knife continually carried to his mouth, at dinner, by a chunky hand, as slow as it is willing. So it is that he lumps his *eight thousand acres* a treed ground for the city, into one mass of forest: whose Botanical Garden is on its south side, struggling into, and out of, sands where nothing can grow well but the pine and the birch. There is also a zoological garden on the west side of it, one of the finest in Europe. I find some English students, but more Americans, residing in Berlin, say 150 Americans. More,

reside in Dresden, partly as having one of the finest galleries in Europe, and partly for its outdoor scenery and its hugging the hills.

The German students have a double monopoly ; viz. of drinking cataracts of beer, out of pails held high in air ; and of the duels, which they fight once or twice a week. I know, however, of nothing more typical of German life municipal, than its inviting the underlings of Government to enter the inner-most privacies of one's home ; and forbid your having a teacher, man or woman, young or old, within your doors whom they have not certificated ; a house-servant of any sort, whom they have not 'confirmed,' or even a baby of your own loins whom they are not sure you have baptized. An eminent American jurist here, tells me that their legal interference with marriage, too often goes near to its prohibition. I had a delightful hour, last evening, with Professor Ranke, so widely known by his History of the Popes. He is a most winsome man of seventy-five. His interest in the world's progress and awakening, is that of a youth of twenty. He said he was pained to hear that the freed Africans in the United States were returning to barbarism and idolatry ; which is not a fact. He rejoiced in

the Free Religious movement there, affiliating all who love God and man ; Christians, Hebrews, Brahmos and all. The Brahmo-movement in India specially touched him, and he wants all their English publications.

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## No. XV.

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### D R E S D E N.

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*July 27, 1869.*—From the Spree to the broad Elbe; from Berlin on the sands, to Dresden on the rolling prairie, and near the hills, is a good change: though the capital of Prussia is many times larger than this lovely capital of Saxony. Dresden has some 160,000 to Berlin's 700,000. With a much smaller water-supply, the fountains are finer in Berlin. The query is suggested by a motto on one of the fountains I see here, whether we could not, in like manner, commend, in Calcutta or Bombay, our faith by our works. The motto reads—'Pour a prayer for the public peace while I pour you out this water.' Such, in golden Latin, are the words written over a perennial stream, tinkling in a hot and dusty square near the heart of the city, and not far from the window of the Stadt Gotha Hotel, at which I write. A new interest in street fountains has sprung up in England of late years. But how much more we need them in India. In Calcutta

and Bombay, above other Indian cities, you want them, if only for the thousands of English and foreign Sailors that annually throng your streets. How many lives would be saved from poisonous drams and sun-stroke, were a ladleful of decent water to be had near the main crossings. Could the right sort of preaching be done more effectually than in some such way? It were good to honor thus your best Hindoos; say one or more of those who poured out their money so liberally, not long since, to feed, for weeks and months, the thirty thousand strangers that poured in upon us from starving Orissa. It needs only to be generously put to men of such families, now that our Calcutta Water-supply is coming in, for us to get erected, at the right places, water-benefactions handsomer and even more needed than the pillared gang-ways of our Baboo Ghâts and our Prinsep's Ghâts. Why not as elaborate as those of Constantinople? And let them be known to after generations as the Radhakant fountain—The Mullick fountain—or by other good and noble names. Not our good Mahomedans, but some Hindoos would be a little shy of using them, for caste reasons; but, let the water be pure and the marble and cup

attractive, and be the prejudice ever so strong, common sense and human need would be stronger. It has proved so already in some of the City Schools of India that prefer filtered water, and the time has come to try it in our streets. On one side of the Dresden fountain, near me, is an inscription of thanksgiving for the great European victory over the Turks, at Vienna. We, in India, might thus thank God for the return of peace, such as came after the struggle of 1857, and for all the favoring crises of our public and common life.

Would that I could dump upon your table such a luscious pile of black-heart cherries as has just been set upon mine. The pile costs an anna. The cherry is the best and largely the most abundant fruit, at this season, in Central Europe. The juice beats the best claret: and one black-heart is worth many lychees. We have no peaches yet, but the nectarines are here, and very good. They are right good Eurasians; though such as I have tried are nearer the dark plum than the rosy peach. They seem to vary much according to training and exposure; or, as one might say, education and social contact. Give me England for a gooseberry. Such as grace the hotel tables here are small potatoes.

The Saxon and the Anglo are still in religious alliance. One of Luther's best friends was, the King of Saxony, and to-day the State religion here is Protestant, though the present King John, and most of his family, are Catholics.

Broader than the virtue of patriotism, since it overleaps geographical boundaries, is the virtue of *Modernism*; by which I mean justice to the laws of historic *growth*; to progress, in art as in science. The worship of the old, because it is old, is folly. Let us do as well by our opportunities as the 'old masters' did by theirs, and we shall inevitably find that we are the ancients and they are the infants;—though it sounds impertinent to say so. It is not without effort that one applies, in Dresden, this sound principle: especially in the case of two groups of the Gallery of Casts, the one Rietschel's '*Mary with the dead body of Christ*,' and the other Michael Angelo's. Rietschel has improved upon his 'old master' in almost every particular. Stand between these glorious groups, which, at some distance, face each other, and there is really no single point in which the modern has not surpassed the ancient. It seems

a kind of blasphemy, yet simple justice compels the assertion that Michael Angelo's *Maria mit der Christus Leichnam* is surpassed by Rietschel's in grace, in life, in pathos, and altogether in truth to nature. The art triumph, both of agony and of repose, are with the modern, who has here proved himself great Michael's greater son. With many who claim to be critics, Angelo has the dome and Rietschel is nowhere. This is unjust. Fulton's steamboat running 'four miles an hour' was, doubtless, in its day, a finer thing than is now the Queen's Steam Yacht. But I leave you to conclude the argument.

The glory of this 'Florence of the Elbe' is her picture-gallery, which is hardly surpassed in the Vatican itself; and the pearl of the gallery is, as you well know, Raphael's Madonna. Full as are its many rooms, one is entirely surrendered to the deep-eyed Madonna and her child; into whose face is thrown a world of budding manliness, of dawning essential greatness, which distances the attainment of all other artists in this direction. There is no child fuller of *soul*, that ever drew breath. As you gaze on it the sense of beauty is whelmed in irrepressible sadness and worship.

The dark-eyed mother is standing, as you remember, on a rift of cloud, with the Christ-child on her right arm and an angel gazing upwards from beneath her feet.

The Picture Gallery, with its several accessories, is in the Zwinger or Fort. The so-called Japanese Palace holds the Royal Library, which is much used, and beside museums, a collection of porcelain glories that I have no room to describe. Then the Royal Castle,—and you have seen Dresden. You are continually reminded, in Germany, that they know little here of the intense and general vitality that characterise England and America. The mass of the people seem neither practically nor intellectually alive. Where are their newspapers, and their news-boys shouting information about the streets, and thrusting into every hand a daily fresh epitome of the world's work? News-boys are not known here. The only news-vendor I have seen here, is a respectably dressed female, a sort of tradeswoman, standing in some public square, with an armful of journals of as many sorts as her neighbor market-woman has kinds of vegetables.

Occasionally you see two women, one, perhaps, selling Catholic or Conservative, and the other

Protestant or Liberal papers. But when you get the paper, what is it? The best *Zeitung* or *Tageblatt* holds, altogether, about as much matter as a single page of the *Times*, or of the *New York Tribune*. Again, the type is coarse, big and black. It is, in fact our old, long-discarded 'black letter,' apparently made to cover a large surface. Editorial matter seldom appears. Little is given beyond the telegrams from the great world-centres. You certainly do well to stand up bravely, as you have of late, in the *Englishman*, for the freedom of the Press. Until they get it here, there can be no real life, general mental vigor, nor public spirit. An editor (so I understand) was thrown into prison here the other day for printing a message of President Grant's; I think his Inaugural. Germany, as to her Press, is behind India, far behind her. Again, woman has no place as an educator in Germany; while, in America, the work of public education is passing year by year, more and more, into the hands of thoroughly educated women. In the over-lauded Schools of Prussia, when I ask 'Where are your women teachers,' The answer is 'We have done with Dame Schools, Sir,' or could, a pure woman teach Greek and Latin out of Ovid and Juvenal, Sopho-

cles and Euripedes, or from our highest, classic models? Certainly a very large measure of mental stagnation, exists in the masses; and the 'dumb driven cattle' element contrasts strongly with real culture, high refinement and the purest society. Germany is a better land in which to bring up children than men. When Germans begin to think for themselves, at least politically, they have to emigrate. We have millions of them in America. Nor, so far as I can learn, has mental or general liberty gained much with the political change which has tended to German solidarity in Europe, and made Prussia a first-class power and a wholesome check on French Imperialism.

To the comfort of travellers, the old passport system has happily fallen into abeyance, and a passport is not needed in crossing Europe; except in case of one's getting into trouble or accidentally falling under suspicion of the Police. It is a peculiarity noticeable on the Continent that a gentleman's or lady's card commonly announces, not only the street and number of one's residence but the story (in German *Treppe*, in French *étage*) of the house resided in. There are advantages about this *Hotel Garni* style of living, and foreigners like it; but it is thoroughly un-english.



P. S.—Student duels:—In my last I spoke of the frequent, and often semi-weekly, occurrence of *duels* among the students in German Universities. May I now give, in a post-script, a brief account of one, from Bayard Taylor's 'Views Afoot.' By it you may judge how little of a deadly sort they are. Here you have it:—'We heard that a duel was to take place at Neuenheim, on the opposite side of the Neckar, where the students have a house hired for that purpose. In order to witness the spectacle, we started immediately, with two or three students. Along the road were stationed old women, at intervals, as guards, to give notice of the approach of the Police. From these we learned that one duel had already been fought, and they were preparing for another. The Red Fisherman (a noted character) was busy in an outer room grinding the swords, which are made as sharp as razors. In the large room some forty or fifty students were walking about, while the parties were preparing. This was done by taking off the coat and vest, and binding on a great thick leather garment, which reached from the breast to the knees, completely protecting the body. They then put on a leather glove, reaching nearly to the shoulder; tied a thick cravat around the

throat, and donned a cap with a large visor. This done, they were walked about the room a short time, the seconds holding out their arms to strengthen them. Their faces, all this time, betrayed considerable anxiety. All being ready, the seconds took their stations immediately behind them, each armed with a sword, and gave the words: '*Ready! Cross your weapons! Loose!*' They instantly sprang at each other, and exchanged two or three blows, when the seconds cried 'Halt!' and struck their swords up. Twenty-four rounds of this kind ended the duel without either being hurt, though the cap of one of them was cut through and his forehead grazed. All their duels do not end so fortunately, however, as the frightful scars on the faces of many of those present testify. 'In Heidelberg, four societies, comprising more than one-half the students, have recently been formed to discontinue the practice.' 'By the way, I see Bayard Taylor wrote this in 1847.' I will add that, from the best information gathered at this time, the duels go on as briskly, in Chinese armor, and as absurdly, as ever. It is a coveted honor, so I am told, for a German student to have a deep sword-cut in his face and bear the scar for life.

## No. XVI.

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## VIENNA.

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*August 2, 1869.*—By not less than twenty-four hours of railing,—too long for a single trip at this hot and dusty season,—you pass from the capital of Prussia to the capital of Austria; from Berlin to Vienna, from the Philadelphia of the Spree to the Paris of the Danube. Berlin is a little less than Philadelphian in the uniformity of its streets, and its interminable lines of four-storied quaker-colored warehouses and dwellings; while it surpasses its younger sister in the grandeur, as in the antiquity and sculpture, of its chief public edifices. Yet all these and more would Berlin give to-morrow, for half of those water facilities, both fresh-water and sea-going, which the book-publishing city of America enjoys, in her Schuylkill River and her Delaware Bay. Prussia has the Elbe for her Ganges, and a Baltic sea-board, with that of Schleswig-Holstein, say of 1,500 miles; though it is unfortunately

ice-bound half the year. As a commercial river Prussia's Elbe is a poor affair, though it luckily opens westward: nor can she use its navigable part twixt Hamburg and the sea, (eighty odd miles,) as she would if Hamburg and Cuxhaven were not 'free cities,' their own and not hers. Thus it is that New Prussia has so few sailors, and almost no navy. She cannot much help herself in this matter; and there is nothing that makes her grind her teeth at France, like Louis Napoleon's finger turned in the direction of his fleet, or pointing to Cherbourg and his iron clads.

" Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer"

of Bismarck and King William for the day when they can say of such things, 'These are our jewels!'

Comparing the population of the three capitals, Prussian, Austrian, and French, I see the more recent authorities give Berlin 660,000, Vienna 663,000, and Paris, (including the two arrondissements of St. Denis and Sceaux,) nearly *twenty-two* hundred thousand. While the French metropolis remains thus, *more than three times* the size of either of the others, we must beware how we speak of all three in one breath. The capital of Italy, Florence, counts but 130,000. (Rome

190,000;) St. Petersburg has 700,000 and Madrid but 300,000 inhabitants. So Paris and London with their two and three *millions* each, will be *Europe*, after all; and none can have it otherwise in this generation.

Vienna seems to be about the best ventilated capital in Europe. A broad open *glacis* surrounds the fortification walls of the old city which lies within it like an island in an encircling river.

Sir Bartle Frere, as I remember, hoped at one time to have treated the *glacis* around Bombay Castle somewhat as Vienna has treated hers: and 'Rampart Row' was to have been a first line of splendid improvements in that direction. Bombay must wait awhile. Vienna no longer needs her *glacis* for the sweep of artillery. She is building her most lordly streets in several directions across it, while she keeps scores of acres of it for public gardens, parade-grounds and promenades. The Boulevards around Paris are not finer; and Vienna may thank Napoleon I, in part, for her lungs.

Things change so rapidly in Austria, say rather in Europe, that the guide-books cannot keep up with them, and are all at fault. Bradshaw's Continental Guide, even in copies but a month

old, runs into misguiding, and on some essential points is widely astray. For example, it has four or five pages on the subject of passports. The uninitiated who would visit any part of Europe, and desire to avoid delay, trouble, and unnecessary expense, are instructed, by this usually well-posted authority, to apply, as directed, and so secure the necessary *visés* for a journey to or through any country on the Continent. The cost of a fresh passport, for an American, in London is a pound sterling. Fee of an agent for obtaining a passport 1s. 6d.; ditto for each *visé* one shilling, and so on. It is distinctly published that passports 'are required' for Austria ('*visé* unnecessary') for Egypt ('*visé* required;') for Greece, Italy, Spain, Turkey, the Papal States, and Russia. Now it may be a comfort to some of your readers to be better taught. More and more of them in their visits home, will, I trust, not choose the more costly and wearying way by Gibraltar and Southampton, but the shorter, cheaper, and far pleasanter route across the Continent. Tell them that, *with the exception of Rome and Russia, Turkey and Roumaniu, no passports at all are required.* The passport nuisance is nearly at an end. Having been at pains to bring a pass-

port from Calcutta, last year, may I say that I had no use for it whatever in Egypt, in Palestine, along the Mediterranean shores, east and north-east, at Beirut, Rhodes, Smyrna, Ephesus, or Constantinople. On leaving Constantinople, to cross Turkey and Roumania and enter Austria through Transylvania, I was guarded against possible emergencies and courteously provided with a fresh passport by the American Ambassador to the Porte, the Hon'ble Joy E. Morris. I followed the usual track, up the Bosphorus to Varna, 200 miles, and from Varna on the Black Sea, across Turkey by rail to Rustchuck, 140 miles. But it was only when leaving our party, forsaking the high road, and entering Roumania northwards, that any question arose as to passports. At Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, I got mine out for a *visé*. I had also showed it at Giurgevo, on the north bank of the Danube, the guarded entrance into Christian territory, out of the Sultan's dominions. On leaving Roumania for Hungary, it was sealed once more :—and then became a useless paper through Austria and Prussia and further west. This little detail may be of value as confirming the reiterated assurance, I have received to-day, from others besides the new American Ambassador at Vienna,

the Hon'ble John Jay, to the effect that the need of passports is over. It is so for travellers across the Continent, or from Calcutta to London by the usual Continental high routes. They go free of *visés* provided they have no need to see Rome or Russia. Travellers may henceforth dismiss all fear of the old vexatious delays and costs of passport surveillance. Only when hostilities arise, or are apprehended, between European powers, will the enemy on either side ask of you the countersign.

One other pleasant change will meet the traveller, who can hardly ticket through from Constantinople to London, without having to do with *Austrian money*. Bradshaw (of last month) will tell him that Austria has *none but paper money*. It is not so. Less than a year ago Austria introduced a metallic currency. It is of a white metal, closely resembling silver. Her rupees, worth two shillings English, and here called *florins*, are of paper. The most used are from one to ten rupee notes; i. e. of ten florins, though for some reason marked '*Gulden*' notes. More conveniently than our division of the rupee into sixteenths (annas,) she divides her rupee, the '*Gulden*' into hundredths, and calls them *kreutzers*. She has now in



use a fractional currency, apparently of silver, as pretty as any you ever handled, and these are *kreutzer* pieces of five, ten, twenty, and twenty-five. They are thinner than our two, four, and eight anna bits, and a little larger. They meet you everywhere. The Indian traveller thus finds the smaller currency along a good stretch of his way across the Continent, as easy to handle, or even handier, than his old friend the rupee. In the making up of fares and hotel bills, it leaves him nothing to bear in mind, and can never puzzle him. If he prefer to come by Trieste, rather than Constantinople, may I tell him that the total of railway fares I paid, crossing the Continent *viâ* Trieste, in 1863, through Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg to London, was £8-9s. Fares are now a little lower. Eighty-five rupees is more than is now demanded for a ticket through from Trieste to London, allowing a full third of it to go for a first-class, express-train journey of fifteen hours, from Trieste to Vienna over the eastern Alps, and by the Semmering; whose engineering triumphs throw those of our Indian Bhoire Ghat into the shade. Allow for hotel charges from three to five rupees a day, and add the rare satisfaction of seeing the chief capitals,

galleries, museums, churches, and palaces of Europe; and, it is very hard to say why the Continental is not preferred to the "sea-journey by every traveller. It should not be forgotten, that some extra charge is laid on baggage beyond the weight of from fifty to seventy pounds, excepting such bundles as one may find it convenient to carry in the hand. Pay your passage from Calcutta to Madras, and you have paid your way entirely across Europe as to the *fares*; twenty-four days from Calcutta to Suez, first class, is £85, or Rs. 850; which is more than Rs. 35 a day, for fares and food and lodging. In the matter of food and lodging, or hotel expenses, one is safe in setting the charge for all necessary comforts (from which list exclude wine and tobacco,) at five rupees, or ten English shillings a day. My own charges, as a thrifty man and a born teetotaller, have ranged, east and west in Europe, from Rs. 2-8 a day, at a first class hotel in Hamburg, to Rs. 4 at Vienna, and five at Pesth and Constantinople. There is a strong temptation to 'take your time,' to spend, *e.gr.* a day on the Golden Horn, going in a caique to see the finest of Turkish ladies cigarettng it at 'The Sweet Waters of Europe;' give another to the world-famed temple

of Sophia, old Stamboul, and so on. You would thus average three days of the richest kind of study, at Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Munich and Paris, along the east and west road to London ; or, by a little divergence northward, at the unsurpassed gallery of Dresden ; then at the museum of Berlin, rich as the British museum in treasures, if not in library arrangements ; at the bookish city of Leipsic, and again at the city of merchants, Hamburg ;—from whose pier you may be comfortably landed, in a day and a half, at London Bridge, for a couple of pounds, or, including table charges, Rs. 26. There,—I set out with a plea for your travelling readers to cross Europe in preference to taking Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay,—and trust I have made out a case.

Let me close this letter from Vienna, with a word about hotels and how to choose one without disappointment. (1)—As to locality. If you would make the most of a few days, choose, as, near as may be, a central point in a large city, and then radiate from it. You save thus both time and money. When, therefore, a friend recommends a hotel, let your first question be, ‘ Is it central ? ’ —Secondly, as Indian travellers will naturally close a winter in India and cross Europe in the

summer, the next query about a hotel will be 'Is it airy?' I have begun this letter from a hotel in the Austrian capital much haunted by the English; where the *Times* and other English Newspapers are on hand, and where many of the attendants speak English. This hotel will be known to a cab man, your drosky-driver, as the 'Hertzog Karl' or Archduke Charles. It is large and central, and the table is well served:—I do not say promptly, as what we call promptness is unknown in Germany;—but with more than common tidiness and kindly attention of all hands; and it has a bath-room —(a comfort not found in some of the most splendid hotels; like the hotel del' Europe in Pesth)\*; but the 'Arch duke Charles' is not airy. It is poorly ventilated, and nearly all German hotels are disagreeably ammoniacal. Not one of the four nights spent here, with Fahrenheit about 85°, has tumbled the nice linen sheets in my apartment. Night after night has found me hugging the window-sill on a sofa. True, the heat just now is Bengali, yet this fine hotel is more than commonly shut in, from the winds of heaven. One must not expect all virtues in a single

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\* The city of Pesth is famed for its mineral baths; and every body goes out for a bath.

friend. For the present, a truce to hotels ; with the suggestion, that, in order to part friends, and with no suspicion that you have been fleeced, be sure you ask the terms *when you enter the house* ; and prewise that all bucksheesh or 'service' be made part of the bill, the '*rechnung*,' and entered therein. At some of the best hotels, as e. gr. the *Stadt Gotha* at Dresden, you are first charged well for 'service,' in the bill, and then dogged to your carriage by numbers one, two and three, 'Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart,' who have extra claims. *Verbum sap* ; forewarned, forearmed.

A closing word as to the prospects of the Austrian Kingdom-Empire ; or, as I now see it called in the papers, 'Austro-Hungary.' A stable peace has come, despite a little necessary and continuous sparring, between Beust and Bismarck. Masons, carpenters and bricklayers are thick as flies. The corn grows in the open and, new blocks rise in the close. Russia annually borrows money to pay the *interest* of her debt. Not so Austria ; though she pays only her interest, and does not reduce her debt. For memorising important facts,—and none typify and limit the life of a people more than the financial,—it may be noted that Austria's national debt is about *half*

that of the United States of America,—which is about *half* that of England. The national taxation in America averages, all round, not more than *three* per cent. per annum; and yet ‘The States’ are paying the *principal* of their debt, often at twenty millions a *month*. Of *her* principal, Austria pays nothing, and the taxation of her subjects, Hungary included, rises to *thirty* per cent.

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## **No. XVII.**

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### **B U D A - P E S T H.**

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*August 5, 1869.*—It would do your heart good to see the vitality and bustle, and hear the rush and roar, of this capital of Hungary, that is growing while we sleep. Carpenters and masons, and builders of every grade, are at a premium. You cannot find a roof to put your head under. Pesth has increased full twenty per cent. during the last twelve months. There is nothing like it this side the Mississippi Valley. The intense heat, 82° to 90° of Fahrenheit, prevalent during the last three weeks, has sent to the springs, or, as they say here, to the baths, all who can afford to go. But though nobody is in town, the hammer and the trowel, as I said, were never so brisk; and he is counted lucky who can rent a room out of the Hotels. *English* Railway Engineers, builders, and workmen are coming so

numerously to the 'carcase,' that there is not room and work enough for them. I have just been talking with some Englishmen, subordinates, who because of the glut of labor and falling off of wages are going home again.

I find, on careful enquiry, that Hungary actually furnishes *the larger half* of the Austro-Hungarian army. The Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, draws from among Hungary's fifteen millions of souls, some 450,000 of the 800,000 soldiers that he calls his own. The *rapport* between the Empire and the Kingdom seems complete; as perfect as is that of husband and wife—but is not void of that jealousy with which each watches the other's honour, and measures the other's will. It is hard to find a word with which to characterise, for there is no common constitution as of the United States—the union of Austria with Hungary.\* It is not a confederacy; it is not an amalgamated nationality; least of all is it one Empire. With all the vigor of disgust Hungarians fling off the epithet '*Imperial*' from every undertaking, institution, or work with which they have to do. Their word is 'royal.' They kiss the hand of Francis Joseph as their 'King.' As an 'Emperor' they know him not. You may well and



curiously ask, what sort of a Parliament they have ! They have no such thing. No *Congress* have they, no common *Diet*, no Supreme and Legislative *Councils*, as with you ; no Legislative Council and *assemblies*, upper and lower, speechifying across benches, in a reciprocally unknown tongue, as did the French and English M. Ps. in the Parliament of the two Canadas, before the present and new dominion, and as they do still. No ; the spheres of the two Powers, Hungarian and Austrian, are held as independent of each other, and kept as rigidly apart, as the haus-vater's and haus-mutter's in a German family. They can no more be identified than the nursery and the counting-room.

The Austro-Hungarian Government is carried on by *two* separate and co-ordinate, or at least equally supreme, *bodies of delegates*. These never sit together and never hold common council, or committee of the whole, on any subject ; not even on their foreign relations, their common defence, nor their annual budget, of which last, naturally enough, they are exceedingly jealous and wide-awake. Deak, as you know, is called the Washington of Hungary ; and Deak has, with Hungarians at least, the credit of

adjusting the balance-wheel of the present Siamese-twin arrangement. *Delegates of the Delegates, i. e.*, a few councillors out of the sixty in each delegation, put heads together, when the occasion requires it, and thus far there has been only concordant action. So long as good sense and mutual forbearance prevail, there is nothing to fear. The hair-spring of the 'Reich' or realm, consisting of these few wise deputies of the double Government, like Beust and Deak, now insist and now yield; and all goes merry as a marriage bell. Sufficient to the day is its own burden. I am told that the management and method of procedure in the two Delegations (now in session in Vienna) is singularly diverse. The Hungarians have been accustomed, for centuries, to parliamentary discussion, with its amenities and limitations. The Austrians, on the other hand, are new to the business, and often make a hash of it. Few of them know the benefit or the need, in debate, of submission to rule; and some find it hard to learn liberty under law. They are slow to discriminate, in speech and behaviour, the parliamentary from the un-parliamentary. This will right itself in due time.

I have tried the Danube steamers for the first time, in descending the river from Vienna to Pesth. The boats appear to be sufficient for their work, but are not so large, commodious, or well-appointed as I expected. The river is low at this season and we had to leave Vienna in a small craft. In an hour or so we were transferred, bag and baggage, to a steamer of better calibre, but still far behind even the second-rate boats on the Ohio and Mississippi. The provisions, both in character and in shortness of supply, reminded travellers that they were approaching the borders of civilization. And yet, scorched as you may be with the sun, and suffocated with the selfish tide of tobacco smoke,—by all means, in August, prefer the steam-boat to the railway. It is worth while to gain the privilege of locomotion on foot all day ; thus escaping the railway's incessant dust-bath, breathing river-air, and saving one's eyes from the cinders.

Hungary and Austria have, happily, the same currency, both of paper and of (debased) silver. These are Florins and Kreutzers ; or, as the paper-money is marked, 'Guldens' and Kreutzers ; which are the same in value as rupees and hundredths of a rupee. This uniform cur-

rency, stretching as widely as it does along the continental way to England, is a great boon to travellers.

Pesth being the thriving capital of Hungary, it might well be asked whether Hungary's last Governor, the eloquent Kossuth, resides here. No. So far as I can hear, he is still residing at Turin, and biding his time for a breach between the Kingdom and the Empire. He will have no part or lot in his country's present hope and renovation. Few could once talk more persuasively than Kossuth;—but now he sits, silent and apart, like another Jeremiah, with none so poor to do him reverence. Few now speak of him as they once did. He is certainly to be pitied, as a man that has lost friends. General Görgei, once leader of the armies of Hungary, resides in Pesth; he who, in the old troublous days, surrendered to Russia rather than to Austria. He is apparently straightened in means, though charged by his enemies with being still a pensioner of Russia. He is reported to me as the Secretary and Manager of a Joint-Stock brick-making company in the city; and some say Görgei is making friends, as surely as Kossuth is losing them.

Pesth seems to be, of all European cities, the paradise of the children of Abraham. Sixty thousand of its two hundred thousand people are Jews; many of them wealthy, and the course of trade is mainly in their hands. They are said to control the business of the city. They are not slow to avail themselves of opportunities that favor them more than they are favored in other parts of Europe. Who can blame them? Some, of course, grumble at it. The recent Convention of the Jews of Germany, to institute reforms, and try and bring their worship and institutions into something like keeping with this nineteenth century of progress and ideas, does them credit, and is a pleasant addition to the other proofs we have that He who made all things, made all living things to grow. Yes, to grow or perish. If the dominating Hebrews of Pesth will practically acknowledge as much, and fairly move on with the time, they may lead and welcome.

I am often meeting with Hungarians who have returned from exile, and mastered English, during a ten, fifteen or twenty years' residence in England or America. Our party were fortunate enough to find one of these English speaking

Magyars, and with his help we 'did' the city in a couple of days. Among the glories here, as you may know, is the superb Suspension Bridge over the Danube to the Cliffs of Buda. This bridge was, for a long time, unsurpassed in Europe. Its two magnificent piers stand in the river, and each is adorned with two colossal lions. The four, I think, will stand a fair comparison with Landseer's around Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square. The bridge is a triumph of English engineering. It is worth remembering that two English engineers, the elder William Smith, and the younger Adam Smith, (nowise related to each other,) were encouraged by the Hungarian Government to undertake the bridge about the year 1840. It was completed, I think, in 1847. Soon after this the elder Smith, the *architect* of the bridge, died, and the younger, who was the *builder* of it, was made by Count Szechenyi, Hungarian Secretary of State for Public Works. Adam Smith, the builder, is not now living; but the memory should live of the rare skill and cleverness with which he found the right sort of wood, and quarried the stone, and burned the best bricks, where no one but himself had ever thought of looking for them. The architect and the builder both rest from their labours; but

their works splendidly follow them. I have no time nor room to tell of the other glories of Buda-Pesth, not even of the Royal Palace, to which the Empress of Austria, noble soul, and ever true to Hungary, came last year, and had her child born there, a Hungarian. We visited the very room. So,—*Au Revoir*.

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## No. XVIII.

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### HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

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*Transylvania, Clausenburg, August 14.*—My last was from Pesth, the capital of Hungary. This comes from Claudiopolis, the city of Claudius, Germanised into Clausenburg, the capital of *Eastern Hungary* or *Transylvania*; better known in these parts as *Siebenburgen*, or the *Land of the Seven Fortresses*; strongholds originally built for protection against the Turks. The whole country is a natural fortress. Its present political status is interesting. Since my last I have happened upon a statement of the Governmental position of Hungary, in a recent address of Mr. Motley, the new American Minister to England. It was given by him in New York, to the Historical Society, and entitled ‘Democracy, the destiny of advanced races.’ John Lothrop Motley, as you know, was for some years in this neighbourhood, the American Ambassador at Vienna. He writes well, and judges persons and



events with the eye of an historian. So I shall need no apology for giving, in Motley's condensed rhetoric, a word about the double, Austro-Hungarian, Government: the dualism or '*e pluribus duo*,' which exerts from one centre—at Vienna—powers at once autocratic and almost democratic. Mr. Motley says, 'Ever since the great rising for freedom against the Roman Empire, *i. e.*, from near the dawn of the Christian era down to this hour, *Germany* has been the main source of European and American culture. The mother of nations and empires, Germany still rules the thought of her vast brood of children, Franks, Saxons, Netherlanders, Americans, Germans, all.' Many miseries arose from her old disunion and disintegration, under no less than *three hundred and seven* independent sovereigns, caused in part by 'that conflict of demons which we call the 'Thirty Years' War,'—and then the *two* greater powers among them took the war into their own hands. Bismarck, he calls the great Statesman of Prussia, 'distinguished for courage, insight, breadth of vision, iron will and a warm and steadfast heart.' 'His genius consists in the instinctive power of governing by conforming to the spirit of the age.' The brief history of consti-

tutionalism in Prussia is full of instruction. 'The experiment has been a triple one, of centralism, federalism, dualism.'

In February 1867 a central Parliament was established, began its sessions, and was hailed with enthusiasm by the Germanic element, but scorned by Hungary, for 800 years inured to self-government. I am straying from Motley's words but will aim to give his thought. In September 1865 the February Constitution was suspended by imperial edict. 'Federalism was then called in, but Hungary would have none of it.' The light and soul of their Diet was Francis Deak, 'a man born in the middle classes, now the master of a moderate fortune, with no personal aims, and of surpassing forensic ability.' Deak now wielded, by the power of genius and integrity alone, an almost despotic sway over the proudest aristocracy in the world. The Prussian War ended, the Hungarian Diet was again convened. Baron Beust, so long the administrator of the little Kingdom of Saxony, became Prime Minister of Austria. Considering both centralism and federalism to have failed, he decided to give Hungary all she asked. Francis Joseph was then crowned her lawful and law-abiding King. 'Now the imperial

arch rests on and is supported by Germanism on the one hand and Magyarism on the other. The Concordat with Rome is abolished. 'Education and marriage can do without the priest.' Just, enlightened, progressive legislation is the order of the day, with full liberty of the press, and liberty of faith. Opposites have met and mingled, and the two Governments fairly promise to have one will.

It is certainly a misfortune to live in a too close personal contact with great men. So it happens that people talk of Bismarck in Hungary, as being a sort of D'Israeli or Louis Napoleon; and as, in fact, having no principle, and only one rule, that of expediency. Kossuth, I hear it said, is eaten up with self-worship: and Bismarck, like his confrere, the late Prime Minister of England, has only to keep turning till he becomes D'Izzy,—and will then stagger to his fall. But it is detail more than speculation which you require of your roving correspondent. I will, therefore, drop the general and try the particular.

I find that *the opposition* to Deak and his pro-Austrian associate party, which is the party of hope and railways,—is led by Kálmán Tisza, one of three brothers Tisza, who are all mem-

bers of the Diet. Tisza Kálmán, (the Christian name *after* the surname) I hear is thoroughly honest and an indefatigable canvasser. His party is a small one and have a large majority against them. The charge is made, (but not acknowledged on their part) that Tisza and the opposition aim at a separation from Austria. If they would consent to be demagogues, they might make no little capital out of the almost mad generosity of Hungary in consenting to pay such fearful taxes ; say *e. gr.*, a *thirty-three* per cent. land tax, and *four rupees* ('Guldens') duty on every hundred weight of salt consumed by an indigent people, the value of which salt, at the mouth of the mine, is less than the *third* of *one rupee*. This, and much more, is now freely done in order that Hungary may meet the *thirty-seven per cent.*, which she nobly assumes, of the annual interest of Austria's gigantic debts. Another fact. Tracing the old and original Hungarian emigration into Europe, from some Central-Asian district to the north or north-east of Hindoostan, is a crowning enigma for all living students, ethnological and philological. Here is a language that slightly smacks of the Esk, the Lapp and the Finnish tongues. The Aryan mother of most

European languages will have nothing to say to it, though it is rich as the richest in expression, and is eminently sweet and sonorous. We have not forgotten, we of the Asiatic Society at least, the daring though far from successful labors (1842 to 1852,) of one of our members, a born Hungarian and a Szekler, a student of Transylvania's chief College at Nagy Enyed, Korosi Csoma Sandor. His large English and Thibetan Dictionary is among our treasures. He died in Asia, after having labored there for ten years to find the true sources of the Magyar nationality and speech, but with very limited success in the special work he had undertaken. That remains to be accomplished; and may not the Royal Asiatic Society royally undertake it some day. Korosi spent some time in Turkey, on his way to Asia, studying tongues to help him on his road.

A key to much of Hungary's present life is found among the *gravamina postulata* demanded by Hungary of Austria, at the famous diet of 1830.\*

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\*These facts are condensed from decidedly the best English work extant on 'Hungary and Transylvania,' by John Paget, Esq., in 2 vols. John Murray, Albermarle Street, London—2nd Edition, 1850.

These demands were :—(1), That her old boundaries should be restored ; (2), That the Palatine, and Hungarian law should command her military frontiers ; (3), The reduction of the Salt duty, which has never been made ; (4), That Austrian edicts should not interfere with Hungarian Courts of Justice ; (5), That their laws taxing the clergy should be observed ; (6), That the Hungarian Chancery should be really independent of the Austrian Chancery ; (7), That the coinage should bear the arms of Hungary, and silver and gold be no longer exported ; (8), The abolition of paper money, and that a metallic currency be restored to them ; (9), That the Hungarian language and not German, or Latin, should be used in all official business ; (10), That estates falling to the Crown, on the extinction of families to whom they were granted, should not be sold to the highest bidder—but given only as the reward of public services. (11) and lastly, that spies should no longer be used by Austria in Hungary, as a Government agency.

These *postulata* were only so many demands that the ancient laws of Hungary should be honored ; but, until Sadowa, no satisfying an-

answer was given. The Austrian paper 'Gulden' (Rupée) currency or Staats-note (not green-backed but green-faced, and with its *österreichische währung*,) is received at par throughout Hungary. The fractional currency, too, is nearly identical on both sides of the Leitha. On enquiry, I learn that it is an alloy of silver and copper, worth not quite its enfacéd value. Coined during the present year and marked 1869, it has the appearance of pure silver : but must wear more or less coppery, and will in time take a reddish hue. These exceedingly neat Ten and Twenty *Kreutzer* pieces of Vienna, bear Austria's double-headed eagle on the reverse and the Emperor's head on the obverse. The Hungarian silvery bits are lettered 10 or 20 *Krajczar*, '1869,' with crossed olive branches below ; while above, 'The Holy Apostolic Crown' of St. Stephen encircles the words *Magyar Kiralyi vált pénz* which may be translated *the Hungarian King's current money*. Thus, as to the money of Austria and Hungary; there is, to a foreigner, though not to a Hungarian, a distinction almost without a difference : with all due respect, both to the Imperial Eagle and the Constitutional Crown.

Of more directly English concern than that of Hungarian coinage is the question, how far our language has found its way into Magyar-land. The Clausenburg Unitarian College has a class of a dozen students in English, under a Professor who has spent his two or three years in England. For some time, it has been the custom of the English Unitarian body to afford the cost of supporting at least one Hungarian student at the London University. So far as my observation goes, however, English is more studied and better spoken by *ladies* of the Magyar nobility than by others in this region. No public speakers have as yet arisen among them, but they converse well. They are promoters of good and ministers of grace, though never in the pulpit.

The question of regulating the sale of ardent spirits is coming up in the Diet, as hardly second to that of common schools. Hungary has been politically self-governed for eight centuries, yet the education of the masses has been neglected, and drunkenness prevails largely among the middle and lower classes of her people. Careful observers say that, since the revolution of 1848, and the permission given to peasants to be landholders, there is an increase of habitual intoxication, to



eight or even ten times what it was before. At the season of the vintage,—so my generous English host informs me,—it has been, and is now, to some extent a custom for the wives of the poorer vintners, (who cannot afford to store much wine,) to sell all they can at the road-side. This sweet wine, fermenting, flies easily to the head, and the highways are, at this season, lined with drunken people. Among many reforms now afoot, none needs wiser or more earnest advocacy here than the Temperance Reform.

The roads are magnificent, especially those taken directly in hand by the Austrian government. It is certainly one feather in the cap of the Austrian Emperor, that not even England can beat him at road-making. The main roads are always in order, and kept hard and smooth as marble. The nobles still hold the old seigniorial right to grind all the corn and sell all the spirits; though the latter of these two privileges is often infringed. One English gentleman, whom the Diet made a freeman thirty years ago,—*i. e.* virtually, for his being an Englishman and bringing in improvements—just now leases his right of control over the sale of spirits, for the neat sum of a hundred pounds sterling a year. The Diet conferred upon

him the honor of 'Freedom' ten years before it was confirmed by Austria : and the honorary part of it appeared in his receiving, without cost, what cost another, who sought it at the same time, £200.

It has been like a transfer from Calcutta to Simla to escape to Gyeres (where I conclude this letter,) from Pesth. The climate of Transylvania is both colder and hotter than that of England, hence it is that we find every man drinking of his own *wine*.

## No. XIX.

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### BUCHAREST.

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*August 27, 1869.*—I date once more from the capital of Roumania. The Danubian Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia were united under this name in 1861, under Prince Cousa. An intelligent Greek merchant, who speaks English tolerably and has resided in Bucharest some years, tells me that Prince Charles I, of Hohenzollern Siegmaringen, the present Hospodar, grows more and more popular, from year to year. He shews himself more and more ready, following humbly in the way of England's Queen, to let the Ministry govern the country, and meet its real wants, after constitutional methods. It is not always the case that a good Governor in peace, is a good leader in war. Though Prince Charles has already done much for his little army. The soil of Roumania is rich, and she has no very serious public debt. Last year it was not £3,000,000 sterling, with a land-tax as low as six per cent.

Wheat, rye, oats, maize and other cereals she is increasingly raising for exportation,—with Galatz and Braila (comparing smaller to greater) for her New Orleans, and the grand old Danube for her Mississippi.

The river Pruth, dividing Moldavia from Russian territory, flows into the Danube at the Port of Reni; but it is the river Sireth which brings down from Moldavia's capital, Jassy, supplies of grain to the larger port of shipment, Galatz, not many miles below Braila. These are on the same left bank of the Danube. Jassy helps her commerce down to Galatz by three stems of railway, each about twenty miles long. From Wallachia the exportation is chiefly of wheat, the mountain wheat being the fattest and best. The low plains of the delta of the Danube are almost too rich for wheat, and compare with the higher grounds unfavourably in the production of cereals; as do the black loams of the Illinois prairies with the less stimulating soil of Canada West. Where the soil is too rich, the growth runs all to stalk. Roumania is a perfect plain, except where it touches the Carpathians: and her wheat goes out continually to feed the hungry in Greece, Italy, France, and England.

Among the samples of wheat, oats, rye, &c. which one sees in the merchants' offices here, *rice* also has a place. • They say it is Turkish rice from Macedonia. Turkey, on the other hand, gets all her salt from Roumania (so thinks my informant, a merchant,) and she also largely supplies Austria with this prime necessity of life.

Salt is a Government monopoly here, and a very productive one; though they have, at present, no need to tax it, as in Hungary, twelve times its actual cost at the mouth of the mine. Coal has not yet turned up in Roumania, so far as I can hear, though her mountains are believed to contain it, and almost every known mineral. Petroleum, however, forms a large staple of commerce; besides which it is used for lighting the streets and for private consumption. A friend says that all the coal for her railways, for some time to come, will have to be sent from England to Constantinople; thence by steamers up the Bosphorus and the Black Sea to Varna, and thence by rail to Rustchuck and Bucharest; or else, wholly by steamers up the Black Sea and into the Danube. This is, however, absurd, as the expense of steam freight and land carriage for coal cannot be

afforded. Besides which, any quantity can be obtained, infinitely cheaper, from the Austrian dominions by way of the Danube. The railway is to be opened next month from this city to the Danube, some 50 odd miles, touching it at Giurgevo. At that point a long and costly railway bridge must cross the river to Rusthuck; of which more hereafter, as I go that way tomorrow.

From the river Dimbovitza, on which it is situated, Bucharest is supplied with good fish, of which the most preferred seems to be the '*shegar*,' costing usually about one English shilling for an *oke* of two and a half pounds. Drunkenness is very common, though I will not say that it has overtaken the waggoner who just now sleeps on the pavement opposite my window. Next to wheat and rye, indian-corn, your *Bhutta* (called *Cucuritz*a in Hungary, and here *Porumba*,) is one of the chief products of Roumania. I never knew it raised in America, (except on our Western prairies,) without manure. Here and in Hungary no dressing of the soil is required. The common field sort is considered in America too coarse for a table vegetable. There, none but the delicious sugar-corn is so used. It is always cooked too, before it is ripe. . On the best-served tables

here, I see the nearly dry and hardened field-corn. 'Tis also boiled and sold about the streets. It will grow in Madras and why not in Bengal.

The languages spoken in this recently born constitutional principedom stand in the following order: *first*, the Wallachian, a sort of bastard Italian: though very different from Italian in some of the commonest words and connecting particles. For example, *si*, which in Italian is *yes*, in Wallachian means *and*. Next in order to the Wallachian which is the language of the peasantry and the uneducated, comes the French, which is the language of society; then German, the language of inland business; and lastly, Italian and Greek, the languages of out-side commerce. Many other languages are also spoken. Of the two hundred thousand souls in Bucharest, nearly all are of the Greek church; with only two Roman Catholic churches, and two Protestant, of which one is Lutheran and the other Calvinist. The resident Greek Bishop finds his ecclesiastical head in the Patriarch of Constantinople. To-day is the great *feſta* of the Birth of the Virgin, and I omit an account of its splendid celebration in the metropolis church for want of room. I must say that it did not gladden me.

The press is considered free. Eight newspapers enlighten the people. Of these, three are dailies : first, the Government organ, the *Monitorului*. The *u* terminal is *silent* ! as is also the short final *i*. They are seen but not heard. *Secondly*—The paper having the widest circulation of all is the *Romanulu*, also a daily.—*Thirdly*.—The *Pressa*, *Piar politic, litterar si commercial*. Then come four semi-weeklies, the *Opiniunea*, the *Trumpeta*, the *Reforma*, and the *Sentinela*. The twenty thousand Jews of the city publish for themselves an organ, once a week, called the Eastern Star or *Stea Orientalu*. I am tempted to give you a sentence or two from the *Romanulu*, which I chanced to meet on this morning's breakfast table. It will be a specimen of the Wallachian language and may otherwise interest you. The sense is not hard to decipher. You may give it or not to your readers. It is taken from one of the *Romanulu's* letters of his *Pesth* correspondent. The writer says he quotes *Vorba in vorba* from a speaker in the Hungarian Parliament, (whose name you can have if you wish) and calls the declaration a *calomnu*, unworthy of *Europa civilizata*. It reads as follows: *De care natiune Europena*



(what European nation) *se imiteze Ungaria?* *Doraïpe Francesi, acești ticalosi* (those beastly) *sensualisti, cari* (who) *au stricatu tota lumea: cu romanturile lor* si *cări* (and who) *s'au schimbatu* (changed) *deja de doue-dec* (twelve times) *ori forma guvernului* (of their Government) *seu de Englesi, acestu marsavu* (those common cheats) *poporu de precupeti* (a nation of pedlars) *cari* (who) *a decapitatu p'o regina pentru adulteriu se a pusa apoi pe tron* *pe fîca ei* (her daughter) *care a silesce* (who force) *pe chinezi se cumpere* (to purchase) *opium, era cu Hindu incarca tunurile* (ram Hindoos into cannon) *in locu de cartuse?* (for cartridges.) What say you to this interesting specimen of the language of Roumania.\* One half the world does not know how the other half talks. That the people here are looking for sound teaching and better things may be inferred from a column in one of their papers which I saw yesterday on 'Inebriate Asylums in the United States of America'. The only telegrams published to-day chance to come from Athens, Madrid, Paris and Rome.

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\* I have since heard that this absurd letter was a vile attempt of a renegade Hungarian to inculcate a Member of the Pesth Cabinet, out of personal spite.

Of this morning's ramble I have room, in closing, for the barest synopsis. (1). The principal street of Bucharest, the *Calea Podo Mogosoi*, is, on an average, 25 to 30 feet wide its side walks three feet, and roughly set with big stones. (2). The fruits in greatest abundance are white and purple grapes, water-melons and musk-melons, and purple and golden plums and pears. The vegetables are green peppers, red tomatoes, white onions, and purple brinjals. (3). A sewer-main is being laid all through the principal street, with square bottom, and egg-oval top, and seven feet in diameter, vertically. (4). The words *para, para*, (it takes about 100 *paras* to make a franc,) ring in one's ears, like *paisa, paisa*, in Dhurruimtollah. (5). No Cigagne (country-man or woman) is without a more or less gorgeous girdle or *kummerbund*; now of woollen and now of leather, 12 or 14 inches wide and often studded with brass knobs. Glaring ornaments are well-nigh universal:—*e. gr.* brass tea-plates surrounding the front of a bowed carriage top. (6). Red decanters glisten in many windows, and helmeted soldiers at every turn. A Company of Cavalry are passing, with two bundles of hay hanging stoutly on either side of every horse, like mons-

ter saddle-bags; besides other accoutrements. (7). The common laborers, when clothed in their best, wear a thick blouse or jacket, and trousers of white domestic, blanket-cloth. This is often more or less covered with colored worsted braid, generously stitched on in curling branches and fancy figures after the Hungarian fashion. Their common dress is of untanned, uncleaned and uncured sheepskins, sometimes worn with the wool inwards. I see men occasionally in scarlet and gold, wrought stiffly enough to suit our North-Western Rajahs. (8). Gas has not found its way to Bucharest, but the city is handsomely lighted with petroleum. (9). The Dahlia and the double pink Oleander, the lilac, both white and colored, and lovely roses, are the prevailing flowers here; and ornamental trees are numerous, amongst which are chiefly the Laburnum and the white Locust Acacia. (10). In the laying of the great sewer across the city, each mason and brick-layer appears to be aided by his wife and daughters; she handing down bricks, and they two and two, palkee-fashion, carrying tubs of liquid mortar on poles. Everywhere about the streets the ordinary women go barefoot; looking kindly enough,—with their good stolid faces. (11). I see here advertised

for sale pianos, sewing-machines, and velocipedes. (12). An eating shop on the Podo Moger<sup>s</sup>oi has on its signboard '*Birtu Roman*', and near by, the figure of a man carrying his monstrous belly before him in a wheel-barrow. (13.) On this side the street is a Gipsy mother with her brownie brood, peering into a print-shop and admiring oil-paintings. Why should not they? Her hubby behind has the bambino astride his neck, and swoops down upon a prize in the gutter, in the shape of a cigar stump, which he triumphantly plants—heedless of soil—between his lips. Is he a man? and where is Murillo? (14). Wallachian butter is excellent and plentiful, but sometimes instead of it, they bring you a heaping teaspoonful of milk-scum, just from the boiling, and tell you that it is sweet, and is to be eaten with a spoon. So let Calcutta rejoice in her butter, henceforth. (15). The cost of meals here at the *Concordia*—said by the uninformed to be the first Hotel in the city—though the Hotel Hugue is greatly superior, if much dearer—is five annas for a coffee breakfast and 12 annas for a good dinner of '*rosbif*.' Delicious grapes in endless abundance, two bunches for a pice; let them not tantalise you; nor thoughts of the sweet, sunny air which to-day lifts Fahrenheit no higher than sixty-six.

## No. XX.

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### CONSTANTINOPLE.

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*August 31, 1869.*—Leaving Roumania's capital Bucharest, with its 200,000 souls, of Russia's *Church* though not of her state, we passed through a six-hours' dust-bath,—for a ducat, (9s. 6d.) fifty miles south to Rustchuk on the Danube, a city of 60,000. The people here are of the Church of Mahomed; with the exception of about three thousand Jews. Turkish minarets take the place of Christian cupolas; and the hilly, breezy town is stuck as full of dazzling pointed minarets as a toilette cushion with new pins. A Wallachian town of nearly the same size as Rustchuk faces it across the Danube. Giurgevo is soon to be the terminus of a railway, whose opening is to be celebrated on the 1st day of October next. There is talk of bridging the Danube here, from Rustchuk to Dschurdschewo, (such is the Austrian spelling), but the demand for it is hardly loud enough, at present rates of

travel, to make it pay. I hear to-day that Daoud Pasha, last year the (Christian) Governor of the Eyalet of the Lebanon, and now Director of Public Works for the Sultan, a very intelligent and active man, is doing his best to speed the commencement of the Alexandretta road, which is sure to go, some day, steaming down the valley of the Euphrates, to the Persian gulf. When, it is not safe to predict.

*How to cross the Continent.* I have not ventured further than to advise such of your readers as may be inclined to enjoy it, to substitute the most instructive, cheap, practicable and delightful and-travel in the world, for the old, dullest of dull sea routes, round from Alexandria *via* Gibraltar to Southampton. The currency, the passport system, and the need of speaking French or German, three old difficulties, have ceased to be liens in the way. The first of these troubles is obviated by bringing your cash in gold ; sovereigns or napoleons. The second has vanished with other bats and owls that have seen the new light. Permit me, however, from the experience of the past week, to correct a statement in my last, so far as to add Turkey to Rome and Russia, as the *three* dark corners of the Continent where a *viséd*

paper is a *sine qua non* of entrance or exit. The third is no difficulty at all. English engineers have, for so long a period, been busy in various parts of Europe, and English merchants residing in every important city, and English and American travellers, for the last 30 years, been so freely passing to and fro, that English is virtually spoken every where. In crossing Europe, one really *needs* no other tongue; however great a convenience he may find it occasionally, for picking up valuable information, or for directing a boatman or a drosky driver.

For seven or eight years it has been possible to buy a single ticket through from Constantinople to London. The ticket is good for a month; and so allows one to stop where he likes, and see what he will, taking his time. It varies in cost, according as one prefers to reach England by one or another route; say most directly by Vienna, Munich and Paris; or, less so by Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg; or in some other way if preferred. For such as would travel only *first class*, all the way, I have the experience of a gentleman who has done it over a dozen times, that thirty-five to thirty-seven sovereigns will cover the uttermost cost. My own charges have been less than half that

sum. Continental 'second class' carriages are nearly as good as first class in England.

*Austrian Coal.*—In my last was reported the remark of a Greek merchant of Bucharest about *English* coal being a necessity in this region. Further inquiry proves that this is hardly the case. He may have drawn his inference from the fact, that a large English ship, once a passenger-steamer on the Atlantic, of the Cunard line, and named *The Pacific*, has, for a year or two past, made it pay to bring Newcastle coal up the Bosphorus and into the Danube. The English conductor of the Varna Railway has just informed me, that there is as much coal in Austria as in England; and, what is more to the point, this Austrian coal serves locomotives and steamboats as well as the best English. Mines of it lie, accessible to traffic, on the north side of the Danube, between Pesth and Belgrade. No other coal seems likely to be regularly used for steam purposes by Austrian companies, or ultimately, in this part of Europe. There is also Turkish coal to be had on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, a little to the east of the Bosphorus. This coal is good, but the mines there (so says an English merchant of 37 years' residence in Smyrna) are liable to have the sea break into them and to be thus interrupted, most inconveniently



and even disastrously. The point, however, is clear that Austria can furnish south-eastern Europe with all the coal likely to be required in these parts,

*Turkey ; its soil and cultivation.*—I have just passed by rail from Rustchuk to Varna, 140 miles, by nine stations, in seven hours, including a pause of five minutes at each ; and at about 4 P. M. of twenty minutes for refreshment at one station marked 'Shumla Road.' We were to have started soon after 10 A. M., but waited for the *Danube* steam-boat mail till 12-15, and so only reached the Black Sea at 7 P. M. We had plenty of good water-melons, grapes and pears, sold, and ridiculously cheap, from station to station, all along. This railway track through northern Turkey has the good luck to run, most of the way, on high ground, without deep cuts or embankments, tunnels, or many bridges. You thus get a fine outlook over Bulgaria to distant hills, on either hand, across miles and miles of open country. As thus seen, the soil is nowhere barren, and very little of it rocky. Much of it is what would be called, in the Western United States, 'high rolling prairie.' Nowhere quite so rich as prairie land, it is nearly all arable, and a good deal of it under the plough. The larger part is devoted to pasturing sheep and cattle. We scared up, now and then, a covey of

partridges on the edge of maize fields. The maize was poor, and stunted by the unprecedented drought of nearly six months past. I noticed also a general want of care in weeding. 'Tickle it with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest' is here unrealised, at least for this season ; though these farms border on, if they do not make part of, the Danubian Delta. The impression is incorrect that Turks are no farmers. Again and again I notice a line of five or six ox-teams crossing strawy fields. Here were seen grazing fifty white cows and as many black Indian buffaloes ; and there, the approach of our train sent scampering away from us a hundred fat sheep, about half of them black. This Varna railway has a single track, and no hedge or wall of any kind to keep off the cattle. We had once to defer to and scare them off by shortening speed and piping our whistle. I asked a resident foreigner here about the reported honesty of the Turk. The answer was ' Let him get you into his power, and he will cheat you right and left. But engage a Turkish labourer, and keep him in his place, and he will serve you well for years.' The latter third of our road to Varna is somewhat engorged among rounded, rocky, castellated hills ; where the natural wear-

ing away or crumbling down of some of the limestone strata, leaving others hanging or vertical, gives occasionally the most striking semblance of art, and calls Todleben to mind.

*Freight Steamers.*—Austria has already built and afloat sixteen new freight steamers, all of them, I am told, able to carry above 2,000 tons. She has on the stocks a dozen more; six of them building in England and six at Trieste. With this splendid fleet of twenty-eight, to be increased if necessary, I am told Austria means to make a bold push for our Indian trade, *viâ* the Suez Canal. She means to *port* it either at her Trieste or her Fiume; and, distributing thence by railways, largely meet the European demand. I have this on very reliable authority. The directness of the trip from Port Said to Trieste (containing 140,000 souls) may well give her hope of cutting out the Italian trade *viâ* Brindisi, or even the French by Marseilles.

*A French Officer attacked in Turkey, and the penalty.*—I learn that a fortnight or more ago, a French Lieutenant, able to speak Turkish, landed with a flag and a few of his men, for recreation and exploration, on the south shore of the Danube. Keeping his passport and flag, he sent

his men on board, and went alone to a village not far away, telling them to watch for him and come at the signal. It was not a great while before seven or eight of the Albanian coast guard, or Bulgarians it may be, overhauled him as a prize; and, resolved on a fat *bucksheesh*, beset him accordingly. Their wages were probably sixteen months or more in arrear, and not one of them could read his own tongue, much less a French passport. This they demanded, and snatched away his flag. The officer then presented his passport in defence. This they laughed at and threw away, as a bit of waste paper. Struggling to save it, and a scuffle ensuing, the Frenchman distributed to his arrestors sundry black eyes and bloody noses. They then came upon him with their bayonets; with a heavy stone he presently knocked down one of the Turks and wrenched from him his musket. Following up his advantage the Frenchman brought the whole party to bay, who now offered, for a napoleon, to let him go. 'No, not a para!' But off he goes to the Pacha—and with his viséd passport, and the French Consul to back him, he has recovered damages, as I am told, of 11,000 francs, and 50 francs a day for every day's detention in Turkey.

No. XXI.

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S M Y R N A.

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*On the Austrian Lloyd's Steamer, between Constantinople and Smyrna, 3rd to 8th September 1869.*—Don't you wish you were with us to-day, steaming down the Hellespont? We have twelve or fourteen passengers in the first cabin, with handsome accommodation for fifty. A third part of our company consists of Greek merchants, of whom one has with him the only lady of the circle, and she has an eye that would have touched Byron. I wonder if Greek ladies cigaretted in his day. Why all ladies should not smoke, if the habit be a good one, I cannot understand. At any rate, in Greece and Turkey, tobacco knows no sex; and this dark-eyed sister or wife, the cynosure of the company here, graces herself with wreathes of smoke and the wisdom of silence. I've not heard her voice since we left Constantinople.

*Polyglots.*—The Bengali's forte is language; but I have yet to find a Dutt or a Sen who could exceed

the facility with which some of these black-haired Greek gentlemen rattle off Greek, French, Italian, German, Turkish and English, according to the party they chance to address. Ask them how they have learned so many tongues, and they reply,—‘Oh we have business houses in Smyrna, Constantinople, Paris, London, New York and Rio Janeiro, and the exigencies of our position require it.’ The facility of learning Turkish, French, Italian and German in these parts, by personal contact, is great, and many pick up half-a-dozen tongues in childhood. These they subsequently confirm by use, with more or less attention to grammar. ‘We few of us speak any language well,’ says a Greek near me, of whom I have gathered information not to be found in the books.

*Beauty and Fertility of the Greek and Turkish Islands*:—If there be such a thing as perfection in travelling, we have it here and now. I have seldom seen combinations of scenery, in land and water, exceed those of a passage through the ‘Thousand Islands’ in the River St. Lawrence. Here are the Thousand Islands, with every thing on a grander scale. Many of them seem scarcely islands, but rather small continents. The water, instead of the apple-green of the great Canadian

River, shows the intense blue of the Atlantic. For knolls of maple and hemlock, we have here well-treed mountain slopes. These are occasionally barren and yellow on the side nearest water, but usually silver-green, with endless groves of olive. We are skirting, as I write, one of the larger islands, Mytelene, the Ancient Lesbos. It is one vast olive grove; a Turkish possession, with a population of not less than 120,000. Last year the Mytelene olive-crop, exceptionally good, yielded ten thousand tons of oil. The island raises also, for its own consumption, cotton, cereals, and root crops. Taken altogether, Mytelene is a giant emerald, projecting boldly out of a table of superb *ultramarine*. The hazy, skyey, turquoise blue of its more distant peaks reminds me of the sweep down from the Neilgherries, at Kotagherry, far over the North Wynaad and into Mysore.

Patmos, the island of St. John, lies to the south of it; is well cultivated, and may have a population, says a Greek friend, of twenty thousand. We have the high-in-air *town* of Patmos in full view. The defeated Cretans, too, have oil enough. Poor, peeled Crete, ruined by a noble three-years' struggle to find her own Greek rule, and escape that of the Turks, is clothed with orchards of olive. Once

holding a million, she has now barely a quarter of a million of people. If she handled her enemy as these merchants say she did, she has cut down from a third to a half of the hundred-thousand troops that fell upon her; and have sucked her blood during these three years past. Eighty thousand were sent by the Sultan, and twenty by the Viceroy of Egypt.

*Turkish Taxation.*—What taxes Crete now pays I have not heard, but those of Mytelene, I am assured, will not average more than fifteen to twenty per cent. on the land and its produce put together.

*Food out of the Sea.*—The straightened sea here, the Archipelago, abounds in good fish. We have had several kinds on the table; and were just now treated to a firm, savoury fish at dinner which reminds me of salmon. It had too the pinkish tint, but is not quite so delicate. I learn that it was swordfish. The remark, that it was good eating brought the reply—‘Yes, Englishmen like it, but it is too cheap and common for us to care for it here.’ The stoutest Turkish porter—who makes light of three hundred-weight on his back,—can barely stagger under a full-sized sword-fish. They are caught weighing upwards of four hundred pounds. There



is something doubtless in the cooking, which, by the way, I have always found good on Austrian steamers. While olive oil and sword-fish are plenty in the Archipelago, none here need go hungry. The emigrant to Canada finds a similar feast in the 'white-fish' of the Great Northern Lakes. It is double the size of our hilsa fish, and cooks well in its own fat. Strangers like it, but among Canadian residents, the man who can get nothing to eat but 'white fish' counts himself poor indeed.

*The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.*—The contrast between the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles is striking, the one a prolonged city, the other a wilderness. The one, eighteen miles of palaces, country seats, mosques, barracks and fortifications; the other twice that length of nearly barren shore, with a feeble attempt at a fortress on either side, at 'Dardanelles' and at 'Hellas-pont.' There it meets the sea of Marmora, and with something like a modern battery, and tries to help out the old round towers, which look so strong and are so feeble. There need be nothing finer than the view we enjoyed on Monday morning,—after a rough night on the Black Sea,—as we approached the Bosphorus from Varna. I counted nearly

fifty sail, mostly of good-sized vessels, northward bound, under full canvas and bursting out of the Bosphorus in one fleet, bright as a shower of rockets. Or, better, like a company of race-horses starting at a signal, to reach a goal in the shortest time, all white as snow.

We enter the Bosphorus, and what do we see ? Some of the more conspicuous edifices that cap these bluffs are not finished, and never will be ; but, for the most part, everything shows an exquisite taste and completeness. Temple succeeds temple, mosque follows mosque, with its silvery, sky-piercing, galleried minars. The old palace and the new palace ; the summer home and the winter home of the Sultan ; the empty seraglio, and the occupied seraglio. A crystal-domed conservatory reminds one of Sydenham. Here is a palace of the Grand Vizier, and there the exquisite thing of beauty, awaiting the arrival of the French Empress, a fortnight hence ; should the health of Napoleon permit her to leave him, and to find her way round, by the 18th November, to open to the world the Suez Canal. We pass, all too rapidly, this splendid procession. Here at Bebek, a lovely suburb of Constantinople, is the ' Robert College ;' an American enterprise, well begun.

It has eighty students, and an able principal in Dr. Hamlin, who makes the fees pay the professors, and cover all current costs. What a magnificent outlook it has, sweeping the entire Bosphorus with all its glories, up and down! A little further on is Pera, the English quarter of the newer city of Constantine, and the centre of the best Hotels; of the Byzance, of Missiri's and the D'Orient.

Here you see, close to the Byzance, the Sultan's College, started for him by the French, and with a handsomely paid staff of French professors. It seems quite large enough for half-a-dozen colleges. The mere ground it covers must be worth,—how much? From this point you may notice the Sultan's costly iron-clads, anchored near the big end of the horn, 'the Golden Horn.' Just back of them you may now perceive St. Sophia and the Mosques, that so grandly top the seven hills of old Stamboul. New and old together, there is nothing like it on the earth. The unsolved mystery is, how all this increasing splendor should come, and keep coming, out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is no axiom. It is a mistake. The Sultan's treasury is below zero. It is long since bankrupt, and grows increasingly bankrupt.

Its interest is paid by a loan, and the interest of that by another loan. How it is to end, no man knows, and yet what is daily coming out of it every man sees. The Bosphorus comes out of it, with its ever-growing garniture of grandeur. Grow it will, and grow it must; such is the necessity of its unique position,—unequalled in the world. The Bosphorus will smile and smile, up to that day when peace shall be interrupted and commerce brought to bay. Nothing can stay the growth of this commercial centre of Eastern Europe, but the blast of war, Just now a dry-dock is projected at Seraglio point the eye of the old city, and not far from 'The Seven Towers'. South of it they are asked to make room for a railway station. The eye never wearies of wandering up and down the Bosphorus; nor the brain of admiring its wonders; the prolific outgrowth of a power and prosperity, that come of causes quite other than 'the sick man's will.' That it is not a healthy, genuine and abiding prosperity, probably no man knows better, or oftener muses over, than Abdul Aziz.

*P. S.*—We have reached Smyrna after stopping to deliver freight at two or three rather insignificant points, within and without the Straits of the Dardanelles, such as Gallipoli, Cape Baba, &c.

*Athens hard to reach.*—I had made sure of seeing Athens, but the access to it is so irregular, and out of the track of steamers, that, however reluctantly, I must give it up. It will require more time than I have to spare. A city of 40,000 inhabitants, it has very little trade. The trading centre of Greece is Syra; next to which come Patras and Corfu. To reach Athens from Constantinople, I discover no better way, in the ordinary course of travel, than to go first to Smyrna; then, cross to Syra and the Piræus; see Athens; and either make a long sweep round to Corfu, and wait there for a steamer bound from Trieste to Alexandria:—or, go back from Athens to Smyrna and there take one of the Austrian steamers which cross the Mediterranean once a fortnight.

*Greek Statistics.*—I was not aware, by the way, that so many as *nine* out of Turkey's twelve millions of people were Christians, and of the Greek Church. Of Greeks proper, 'Hellens' as they like to be called, there are, they say, six millions; and only thirteen hundred thousand of these are included in Modern Greece. The rest are found in Turkey, European and Asiatic; or are scattered about the world, mostly in mercantile pursuits. How many have we in Calcutta.

*Monday morning, September 6.*—We are now off Patmos. On our rounding Scio, (memorable for its worse than Cawnpore massacre,) as we left Smyrna last evening, we ‘struck the trades,’ or a fore-and-aft gale quite as stiff as those trade winds, which are so welcome in the Atlantic, after fighting one’s western way round the Cape of Good Hope. Ever since 4 p. m. of yesterday, we have been right before this glorious breeze. It is quite as cool as is comfortable, and gives us the contract rate of movement, ten miles an hour, with our steam at ‘half speed.’ ’Tis pleasant to be taken by it,—and to take this north wind with us—to our panting friends in Egypt. Pleasant also to put Candia on our right, and not to have to ‘pitch and roll’ it to Alexandria, as may have to be done by the hapless P. and O. passengers. Who is not always looking to find, but never finding the Mediterranean ‘smooth as a lake?’ The tiny city of Patmos, of 6,000 or 7,000 souls, nestles loftily on the hills we are now passing, and looks down on us like an encampment. Its limestone walls, in the sunshine, might easily be mistaken for canvas. Conspicuously, on the nearest height, stands the church built over the spot whereon St.

John is believed to have written much of his gospel. Fair Patmos! it is something worth remembering to have seen the bright little town so clearly, lying half-way up the sky; and in fair view for a couple of a hours. We have mountain scenery nearly all the way, whether we approach Alexandria through Trieste or through Constantinople. The Montenegro hills, as you come down the Adriatic side, seem about 800 to 1,000 feet high, and to be almost wholly of barren gray rock. Coming down on this Eastern side, by the Ægean, there is more verdure:—and in both cases the water is as intensely blue as in mid ocean. The approach to the city of Corfu, as I made it along the usual track in 1863, between the island of that name and the mainland of the Morea, is signally beautiful and grand. Then, as we leave the hills behind us, they tower up higher and higher, and fade into distance bluer and more sky-blue, till we lose them altogether. 'Tis a rare and lovely picture. So, on this Eastern side, Greek beauty is ever present, and needs no expositor, nor even an artist's eye, to feast on it and be refreshed, for many subsequent hours of hot, dull work in India. The people of the seven Ionian Islands, no longer under the Red Cross

flag of England, are coming to their feet, and beginning, though as yet feebly, to 'feel their own weight.' The Danish brother of Alexandra, kindly forgetful of the old massacre of his forefathers the Danes in Britain, now, on England's suggestion, takes Corcyra under his care; and I doubt if the English chaplain remains, whom I heard preach in Corfu six years ago, to an audience of more than 1,000 English hearers. These were mostly troops, but there was, I remember, a good sprinkling of ladies, and the edifying topic of discourse, an was affirmation of the existence of the Devil, in a personality as distinct and real as that of God himself.

*Fares.*—My main purpose in these letters is to win others to enjoy what I am enjoying; and so, to turn aside Indian comers and goers, from the track to England *viâ* Southampton and Gibraltar, to one I regard as in every way preferable; whether you look to the cost of time and money, or to the gain in refined and refining pleasures. Therefore, as we approach Alexandria, let me say again that in 1863 the actual fare I paid (using in part Railway carriages of the second class,) from London *viâ* Hamburg to Trieste, was six pounds nine shillings English; and £10 thence to Alex-



andria.' This time, by a somewhat wider sweep, I have paid as follows:—London to Hamburg, £2-12 (first class); Hamburg to Berlin (second class), £1; to Dresden (ditto,) nearly £1; to Vienna about £2, (second class.) Thence, omitting my trip into Hungary, let me say, from Vienna (by rail and the Danube) to Rustzuk, about £2-10. Thence to Constantinople £3-5. And finally from Constantinople to Alexandria, first class, by Austrian Lloyds' (with unexceptionable fare and unstinted supplies of good things, beside the grape, peach, pear and fig, purple and white,) £9-16, making a total from London to *Alexandria*, by Constantinople, of £22-3-0. This does not include bed and board in the cities. My cost of journeying from Alexandria to Suez, to and through the canal, has been £1-15, excluding hotels; which may average 5 rupees a day.

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## No. XXII.

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### THE SUEZ CANAL.

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*Port Said, September 11, 1869.—The Suez Canal—Alexandria to Port Said—*Here we are once more at the Mediterranean head of the Suez Canal. After spending a couple days in Alexandria, and a part of each at the Bureau of the ‘Compagnie Universelle,’ called ‘Le Bureau de la Division,’ I have come by this route towards India, to see exactly how things stand here on the eve of the Great Ouverture. I carried to the Bureau, on each of the two days, a number of questions, and got frank and clear, if not entirely favorable, answers to them all. I did not meet at this office, where one usually finds him, M. Ruysenaers, the man who has been the best friend, from the beginning, of M. Lesseps; and is now, for some years, as you know, the Consul-General for Holland, in Egypt. But I met in his very gentlemanly substitute, (M. Ruysenaers being in Paris,) a man having opinions

of his own, and courage to express them. But do not hold him wholly responsible for the following dialogue:—

*A.*—Do you think the Red Sea can be successfully navigated by sailing vessels; I mean by large vessels, unaided by steam?

*B.*—No: Before the days of steam, much commerce made its way up and down the Red Sea, but only at such a pace as is too slow to be tolerated in our times.

*A.*—Can heavy freights, such as jute, hides and oil-seeds afford steam, and must they not, at least for some time to come, be carried by sails without steam? In a word, can any but the finer and lighter articles of commerce, such as silk, tea, indigo, &c., be expected to pass through the canal?

*B.*—I doubt if heavy freights can afford to entertain double sets of men, both of Sailors and Steamboat hands, at present. So they may have to go round the Cape of Good Hope for some years yet. It is true that freight steamers are largely on the increase. Several new lines are to start with the opening of the canal, and these will probably take whatever freight they can find; as even the P. and O.'s have been

known to bring bricks from Southampton to Alexandria. The attempt to supply merchants' ships with a small *corps de reserve* of steam, to be used exceptionally in calms and corners, has thus far proved a failure. It don't pay. North winds blow somewhat steadily down the Red Sea for four months in the year. At this season (the autumn) sailing ships might go through to India, but they would naturally return to England by the Cape.

A.—Your capital is four hundred millions of francs, and your shareholders have received annually their five per cent. interest, for years past, on the full amount of their investments. To the day of opening the canal, this twenty millions of interest due to investors, has been charged as expenditure. After the canal is opened, can you get this income from the passage of less than six or seven large steamers daily, through the canal ? I mean steamers of 2,000 tons gross capacity, and of some 13 or 14 hundred tons register ?

B.—No. If you number the outgoing and incoming sailing ships of Great Britain bound to the East, you would probably find the *daily* summary of arrivals and departures amount to eighteen or twenty. Until these become steamers,

or are aided or superseded by steam—for which allow some years—you could not expect one of these to go through the canal per day. Again, allow that three or four new companies of steamers are brought into being by the canal, or that existing companies put on new steamers, as the Lloyds' are doing,—none of these would send through more than four steamers a month, two each way. This would give us one steamer on alternate days, or sixteen a month. For argument's sake, allow that there may come from all other sources, as many more, to double the number sent through by Great Britain and the new Steam-ship Companies. This will supply the canal with but two large ships per day. Let these pay the toll appointed, ten francs per ton on 1,500 tons register; this will give the canal only 15,000 francs a day, or £600 sterling.

A.—But, in order to pay, on your capital, five per cent., which is twenty millions of francs, and ten millions more, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to meet costs of conduct, management, repairs, &c., which is a total of 30,000,000 francs, must you not have, instead of *two* ships, at least five or six ships a day, or fail to pay your stockholders their old five per cent?

*B.*—It is clear that to pay five per cent., *plus* two and a half per cent. on four hundred millions of francs, we must have a *daily* yield of 100,000 francs for 300 days, or of more than 80,000 francs per day for the 365 days of each year. This certainly requires from six to eight large steamers daily passing through: and the two ships you have allowed for, must be trebled or quadrupled in number, before the canal can pay the stockholders, *by its tolls* alone, as largely it has paid them hitherto. Happily we have other sources of revenue besides the charge on tonnage of ships. For the next few years, it seems improbable that these will give us more than one-third of the income we must have, to make the thing pay.\* But then there is our fifty per cent. of all lands sold, half for us and half for the Viceroy, to be paid us by all who come to settle along the borders of the canal, or at its gates; as at Port Said, Ismailia Suez, &c.. What this source of income will yield it is impossible now to determine. Then there is the charge of ten francs per head for passengers on every ship. There is also a steady transport of coals and freight by our own barges; and the charge, possibly of five francs per registered ton, on passing ships; for their pilots, light-houses and

buoys. Altogether, we look to make it pay ; if not the first year,—why then, as soon as possible thereafter.

*A.*—Have you heard of the twenty-eight new freight steamers, built and building by the Austrian Lloyds, each over 2,000 tons ; all intended for the canal ; competing with established lines which now connect Europe with India and the farthest East. I have heard that sixteen of these were completed, and that, of the remainder, six were being built at Trieste and six in England.

*B.*—I cannot vouch for the number. I believe a new Austrian Company was formed in 1868, looking to trade with the East Indies and China. Their object is said to be merchandise only, and not the accommodation of travellers. Similar lines of freight steamers are announced as opened, or about being established, by the English from Liverpool ; by the Americans from New York, to connect with their San Francisco lines across the Pacific ; by the Italians from Brindisi ; and by the Russians from Odessa.

*A.*—I have heard that something of importance in connection with the canal occurred on the 15th of August.

*B.*—Yes ; on that day the waters of the Red Sea were admitted into the canal, with a view to the more rapid filling of what seems to have been the old forsaken head of the Gulf of Suez, eighteen miles (30 kilometres) north of the town of Suez. This immense hollow, out of which the waters were long since evaporated, is extensively paved with salt; to the thickness, in some places, of twelve or fifteen feet. The waters there must always have been salt; and the irregular, salt-lined hollow has been named, in contrast to the pure waters of the Nile, the Bitter Lake or Lakes. Happily for the excavators, Messrs. Borel, Lavalley and Co., this oval depression lies directly in their track, and stretches along for thirty-five kilometres, (which is 21 miles.) It is about fifty-one miles (85 kilos) from Ismailia to Suez; and 21 miles of this part of the canal, (more than a third of its southern half,) run through the depression of the Bitter Lakes. Here, the waters of the Mediterranean were admitted in March last, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. The filling from the Mediterranean was not rapid enough to raise the water to the required height, in season for the grand opening, appointed for 17th of November next. So, on the 15th of



August, another feeder was admitted in the opposite direction. Thus the Red Sea entered the Lacs Amers, partly through the canal and partly by a slight detour which it scoured for itself as soon as the guiding hand of Ali Pacha Moubarek, the Viceroy's Minister of Public Works, had opened the way.

As late as the middle of August, it appeared that the Amer hollow had not been filled from the Mediterranean by a depth of about fifteen feet. Ten centimetres a day, which is between 3 and 4 inches, is given as the present (September 11) rate of rise; and the Lakes have some four metres (156 inches) more to rise, so as to give large vessels a chance to pass through without grounding. Of course, the waters spread more and more widely, and the area to be flooded increases as the double stream comes in. This southern section of the canal is cut mostly through clay, gravel and rock, and has troubled the contractors even more than their deep cuttings at El Guisr. Here those giant gobblers, the dredging machines, could not work, but all had to be taken out with the pick, aided by gunpowder. Hand-labor, with donkey and camel, shovel and barrow,

has, however, worked through it or nearly so. If there be a hitch anywhere on the great *Seventeenth* it will be here, where smaller boats even now are liable to ground in mid-stream. Almost superhuman forces are at work upon it; and what machinery can do, will be done to clear the waterway and prevent disappointment on that high day of the world's expectations. The most difficult portion of all was completed on the 14th of August; and 7,000 men, 3,500 donkeys, and 1,000 camels were busy at Chalouf el Terraba on that day, when the Egyptian Minister of Public Works, as deputed by his master, gave the last stroke of the pick-axe. The barrier of earth once broken, the waters, trickling in at first, soon deepened their channel. The stream is now at times so strong that, at the flood, an English four-oared boat can with difficulty make head against it. In spots along this portion of the canal, a ship's galley will run aground, especially near the dredging machines. What *can* be done to clear and complete this Chalouf section will in good time be done,—and all may be finished by the 17th of November. There is no generous man who does not hope that it will be ready to meet honest criticism on that trial-day.

A.—Does *the tide* rise and fall equally in the Red Sea and in the Mediterranean? If not, what are the movements of the tide at each end of the canal?

B.—They have been carefully noted and recorded for years; and the average results of our observations are as follows; when stated briefly and with sufficient accuracy, in English measurement. The daily tide at Port Said, at the north end of the canal, rises and falls *one foot*, or a foot and a half; and at Suez, at south end of the canal, three and a half or four feet. I speak of the common, daily variation of the water-level. At the Equinox the variation is greater, both above and below the mean level. Our record, of course, is in *metres*, of which the decimal  $\cdot 32$  (thirty-two hundredths) stands for an English foot. At the Equinox the maximum elevation above mean level at the Mediterranean end of the canal is  $0\cdot 56$  metres, which is less than two feet; and the maximum depression below it  $0\cdot 54$ , making the tide rise and fall altogether three and a half feet. At the Red Sea end of the canal the maximum, at the Equinox, between extreme elevation and depression is just ten feet. This will slightly affect the depth of water in the canal. Its least depth at any

time will be 24 feet. This will increase to 34 feet for a few hours only. The tide does not pass up at a speed of more than two or three miles an hour toward Ismailia. So, before it can go far, it must return. No serious difficulty is anticipated from the action of a tide rising seldom more than four feet; and no *gates* are thought of, to check its free ingress and egress.

It is worthwhile to bear in mind, that the distance from Port Said to Alexandria is about one hundred and sixty miles; or two hundred (time 20 odd hours) if you stand further out to sea. This is a trip by steamer of commonly sixteen to eighteen hours, costing fourteen or twenty rupees, in its cabins first or second. Two days are usually given to cross Egypt by *rail* from Suez to Alexandria. The prospect now is, that not more but *less* time will be required, to reach Alexandria on steamers, such as those of the P. and O., going through the canal. And passengers will enjoy the comfort of not breaking bulk, nor making any baggage change whatever, until they touch the pier at Brindisi or Marseilles.

ISMAILIA ON THE CANAL.

September 11, 1869.—I know of no better way to give you a sight of the Suez Canal from Port Said to Ismailia, than to send you *verbatim* the jottings I made from point to point this morning. Many of them in themselves are trifling enough ; but as facts they may suggest more than they state. So here goes. At 7-10 A. M., after whistling for the laggards, our petty steamer starts across the harbor-basin, for the Canal. Fewer vessels in port here than I saw last year. Here are, except one Austrian Lloyds' steamer, only three ships, the *Noor Jehan*, the *Eurine* and the Pacha's Corvette. Besides these, I discover but seven brigs and schooners and a score of smaller craft, lighters, and sail-boats. The Corvette, I am told, draws eighteen feet of water and carries 32 guns. The Canal is wholly finished for 35 kilometres, and three days ago she took it into her head to have a run, so far, down the Canal. Aware that she could neither get through, nor turn round, in the present state

of things, she had herself *tugged* in, stern foremost, as far as the thirty-fourth kilometre. A kilometre, as you know, is about three-fifths of an English mile. She then got up her own steam and went, *proprio motu*, back to Port Said. It was called a feat, and was a success. The two tugs carried her down in about three hours, and she came back in the same time, her twenty odd miles. At this rate she would have gone harmlessly through in fifteen hours, from sea to sea. Twenty to twenty-four hours may be thus the average time for large vessels to be put from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean, though some say it will not be done in less than two days. French authorities make the average 16 to 18 hours.

Near the water, here, are lines of tenements built of deal and laths, and plastered. These 'rough-cast' houses are for the better sort, while the little 'Blacktown' of Arab cubic huts stands back by itself. This is the case with residences all along the canal. Our steamer, twelve feet at the broadest, and some fifty feet long, screws her tail about so merrily as to drive us, now, eight or nine knots the hour. She keeps fifty metres (a metre is 39 inches) or about 150 feet breadth of stream on either side of her, and so throws up only a low

ripple on the banks far in her rear. In nearing her landings the highest ripple may be of four or five inches. We are in lake Menzaleh for the first forty-three kilometres, or about twenty-six English miles. The entire canal if reckoned to the Suez Roads, is one hundred and sixty *kilos* in length. As 3,250 English feet make one *kilo*, which is, therefore, three-fifths of a mile; so *memo*, the Suez Canal is ninety-six miles long.

Again *memo* that more than a quarter of it, from the Mediterranean southward, touches no loose sand anywhere, if we except less than one mile at the sea shore, and two miles at the south, where it approaches Kantara. Thus all difficulties connected with sand-drift or the movements of sand by wind or water *fail to apply* to the first quarter of the way. Here the soil has been hardened by ages of sedimentary deposit and divides itself, along the track, into three nearly equal divisions; first, ooze-hardened sand (*sable compact*);\* *secondly*, clay and mud-hard-

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\* See the excellent map of the Isthmus and the Canal prepared under the direction of the Director General of the works, M. Voisin Bey, from Surveys by the Hydrographic Engineer of the Company, M. La Rousse, and edited at Paris by E. A. Goujon, 21 Rue du Bac—1868.

ened sand (*vase et sable argileux*;) and *thirdly*, plaster with clay (*platre et argile*.) Reckon now the eight kilometres that run through Lake Tim-sah, as knowing nothing of embankments of sand. Add to these the *forty kilos* that run through the splendid basin of the 'Lacs Amers', and you have twenty-nine English miles to add to your Menzaleh twenty-three, which cannot be approached or anywise troubled by those desert sands, which the world has usually set foremost among the necessary causes of failure of the whole enterprise. For convenience of memory, call the Bitter Lake thirty miles long, and don't forget that the canal, at the broadest therein, is *ten miles wide*. It is also reported to be some fifty feet deep in this lake, for eight or ten miles of its length. For this depth I have not Engineer's authority, as I have for the other items of the account. It is certainly worth remembering that, simply by the coming of two 'lakes' upon the track, *viz.*, Menzaleh and Amer, *one-half* of the canal is providentially guarded and naturally protected; in strict accuracy fifty-two miles out of ninety-six. Much more remains to be told of its natural advantages; but so far, so good.



At present, Lake Menzaleh appears to be dry on the Asiatic side. On the African it is flooded, but not deeply, as far as the eye can reach westward. Evidence of its shallowness appears in the tramping of fishermen through some parts of it, throwing hand-nets; and in the standing up, clear and white, in other directions, of regiment after regiment of storks. An opposite shore, towards Damietta, is traceable by the eye here and there, but not continuously. Arab boats are passing us in the canal from time to time, each carrying swiftly along its three or four dark faces, by aid of the wind bellying its one lateen sail. The canal-dyke through Menzaleh is three or four feet high, and people are walking along the path, within and below it. An iron cylinder buried in the dyke peeps out, once in a while. It carries to Port Said and its ten thousand souls, all the water found there, which is fit to drink. What a calamity would be its interruption, even for a day! The great '*Pompe à feu*,' Steam Pump-works, at Ismailia, the half-way house of the canal, must not for a day forget their responsibility. Telegraph posts carry two wires, the *par vagum* of sensation and intelligence, all along the western side of the bund, with an occasional transfer to the east.

From 7 to ten A. M., though it is but the second week in September, a brisk northerly breeze, which has already blown for a fortnight, so tempers the sunshine that the air is wonderfully sweet. No wonder that the average death-rate along the canal, among its many thousand laborers, has been kept below that of France; especially if some of the worst cases have been sent from the canal hospitals to die in France. But this report, I trust, is a mistake. The bund just now rises to six feet in height, and is guarded at its foot by an inner line of stone, to break the teeth of the waters, that will gnaw at it when a vessel of any size moves rapidly by.

No doubt the canal will ultimately be worth to the world whatever it may cost. Grant a generation, for mistakes to right themselves in, and a few years for the tide of commerce to get fully turned this way, and all minor difficulties will be provided for, *coute qu'il coute*. Some birds, big as snipe, flit about these banks. I saw a porpoise this morning tumbling out of the water in the inner basin of *Port Said*. Queerly enough the dolphin suggested Lesseps, and his bounding joy in having at length done what he said he would do. Ten years of work, bringing together

men of real genius in their several departments, has made the dream of forty centuries at last a fact; turned Africa into an island; and wedded Europe and Asia into one Eur-asia.

It is a new thing to me, this necessity of light-houses, buoys and pilots to get a ship through a canal. I see now that none but practised conductors can pass large vessels by one another, where the channel for the crossing of (the keels of) such unwieldy partners is only twenty-two metres broad, or a little less than seventy-two feet. They will make it broader in due time. Nothing was ever perfected at one stroke. Thus it is that pilotage, lighting and other charges will fall upon every ship that goes through. But the immense saving, to a steam-ship company, in time, coal, &c., and the prompt reaching of a market, in these telegraphic days, will induce her to shell out her '10 francs per registered ton,' and half as much more if need be for pilots, light-houses, &c. Thirty thousand francs, which is twelve hundred pounds sterling, seems a rich day's toll for a single steamer of 3,000 tons. But no man will demur at the costliness of passing a bridge, who would have to give many times the sum to get across the river in any other way. The question is one of comparison.

*Difficulties of the Red Sea.*—It is a serious question whether sailing vessels will be debarred from the canal by the length and dangers of the Red Sea; and its long, narrow, and ill-ventilated twelve hundred miles. Patimars sail now from Jedda to Suez in 25 days; and was there not a time, before the day of Fulton and Arkwright and steam, when almost the entire commerce of the east and west did go up and down the Red Sea by sails? What man has done, man may do, and better. At the close of our first hour out of Port Said we reach a point some 14 or more *kilos* on our way, and stop to leave a package or two at Ras El Ech, where I see now half a dozen white men and twice as many Arabs, with two Levantine or Calabrian sailors at the water's edge, tarring the upturned bottom of their boat. As we move off, I note that a score of Arab huts, behind on the sands, and as many lime-and-lath houses on the water frontage *make* Ras El Ech: a scrubby little village, dry in the midst of 'Lake' Menzaleh, and the first 'Settlement' on the canal, south of Port Said. The mirage is playing wildly with the clumps of desert willow in the far distance, giving us plenty of islands in the sky, with occasional long stretches of land, up there.

What Frenchman may not say, to-day, to any Englishman, 'Here, Sir, you see done, and completely done, a thing, and a great thing, which you said could not be done!' Frenchmen are in the main the shareholders of the canal. It is owned by Frenchmen, if you except a few Hollanders, Italians and Egyptians, with a very few Englishmen, and emphatically excepting the Viceroy of Egypt, who holds 176,000 out of the 400,000 shares, or nearly half the canal. Its brunt and burden, and failure to pay, if it does not pay—all this responsibility comes upon 'a good few' Frenchmen. They get the kicks,—the world, you,—get the coppers. Is there nothing generous in that, nothing noble,—no element of true glory? So, as I sit, reclining on our steamer's deck, I hear France talking to England. Stretching around us now, are broad acres of land covered with salt, and white as the ice-fields of Labrador. This region is called, on the map, 'Lac Ballah.' Hereabout the banks are of a dark and almost black earth, solid as one could wish. All the way from Port Said to Ismailia I look in vain for a single squad of laborers at work. All seem to have done their work and gone home. The land-cutting is ended on this

part of the canal, and everything finished, except dredging. So we have only the dredging-machines busy.

Let me run back a moment to *Port Said*, and clear up a difficulty held out as the most serious one remaining to be conquered, according to a recent article in the (London) *Telegraph*, as quoted in the last number of *L'Isthme de Suez*, dated 1st September. The editor calls *The Daily Telegraph* 'un des grands adversaires du Canal de Suez,' and speaks of his frequent controversies with him. He makes the *Daily Telegraph* say, in effect, that the harbor of *Port Said* seems to be doomed to ruin, from the heavy drift of the sands of 'the Nile'—he means the Mediterranean—in that direction. I examined into this matter with special care, and from several points, in company with a merchant much interested in it, as he is settled in business at *Port Said*. To state the case plainly and in a few words. There is a very considerable deposit of sand in front of *Port Said*, made by the sea-currents which sweep in steadily from the north-west, and pass round to the south-east, and on, eastwards, to Jaffa. It is true that the old lighthouse is now so far inland that they talk of removing

it nearly a mile further out to sea, and placing it on the end of the grander of the two breakwaters. It is true that the light-house, which it is intended shall be the finest anywhere in the Mediterranean, and which is more than half finished to its height of 160 feet,—was commenced a few months ago *in the water*, and is now high and dry on the shore. The one thing to be noted is, that, coming from the north-west, these increasing acres of sand, depositing, in some stormy years, as much as an eighth of a mile of new land, gather wholly and only *to the west of the great pier*. The tendency to bar the entrance of the harbour, off the end of the great pier, is inconsiderable, and is easily met and prevented by a little timely dredging. Beyond the lesser pier eastwards, and in front of the city, the sweep of the current is so strong, as, to some extent, *to eat into the shore*. As the town extends in this direction its jetties will not only run no risk of being ruined by silt and the sand-drift, but will rather be cut away and continually encroached on by the currents. Let the *Daily Telegraph* take due note of this, and his chief remaining lion is no longer in the way.

## No. XXIV.

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### THE CANAL.

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*Aden, September 21, 1869.*—I have seen a ship floated over the bar, into Nantucket harbor by attaching to her sides what are there known as ‘camels.’ The water is pumped from within these attachments, which thus emptied, float the ship, as bladders lift a swimmer. Without wishing to derogate in the least from the immense credit due to the great men who have pushed on the magnificent project of the Suez Canal, until they clearly see their way through it to the end, it is simply true that, without any indirection on their part, ‘the emission of a hundred and twenty thousand *delegations*,’ with the regular run of luck which has attended them, has had the happy effect of sending up—I will not say of inflating,—the quotations. The 500 franc share rose recently to six hundred and forty francs:—and gained 100 francs per share during the single month of August. It would occupy too much of your space to give details of the management of



these subsidiary shares. It will be enough to give an idea of what they are, in half a dozen lines, by a translation of the Prospectus which threw them upon the market.

It runs (in the earlier August number of the Journal *L'Isthme de Suez*,) as follows :—(Translation) “ Prospectus of the emission of 120,000 Delegations, representing the realisation of the 30 millions due from His Highness the Khedive, in virtue of the first Convention, of the 23rd of April 1869. We publish below this Prospectus, giving the right, for twenty-five years, to all the revenues, interest and dividends belonging to 176,602 shares,\* the property of the Egyptian Government. These *delegations* have, as their object, to cover the sum of thirty millions of francs for which His Highness the Khedive holds himself indebted to the Company. To this Prospectus we invite the special attention of all our readers. It will shew them, in the clearest manner, the conditions on which the shareholders will divide the subscription among them, whether as subscribers ‘reductible’ or ‘non-reductible.’” Such is a literal translation of the announcement in *L'Isthme*.

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\* Of the total 400,000.

It was announced at the eleventh Annual Meeting of the shareholders, in Paris, on the 2nd of August last, that every holder of two shares would be allowed to take *one delegation* and no more. This limitation, besides their being made non-transferable, was accompanied with the refusal of a delay of more than two days for the complete assignment of the 120,000. The Company also declined to receive subscriptions by proxy or letter. This policy, with some minor strokes of good management, caused a struggle which ran up the stock. Then, on the third day, when the small unsubscribed-for remainder of the coveted delegations was thrown upon the market for public competition, the excitement ran higher, and the shares higher yet. It was a neat game, and well played out; though, where to assign the special credit of it, I know not. Hard upon this dance followed the depressing news of the illness of the Emperor, and down went the stock, delegations and all,—in common with the market in French securities of all sorts, all over the world. At the last quotations which I have seen, the stock was still at a premium; and, as no kite-flying or unfairness is charged upon its managers in respect to the ‘delegations,’ it may be said that they came in of

themselves, at a happy moment, to honor the approaching fulfilment of a noble enterprise. The 'Khedive' or High Lord of Egypt, the Viceroy (who, by the way, has just now answered the summons for a personal appearance before the Sultan, not by going in person, but by sending to his lord, Abdul Aziz, two and a half millions sterling in hard gold) the Khedive has received a palpable consideration, in buildings, &c., for his surrender of 25 years income on his half of the canal. May the holders of his surrendered *titles* to income be as well rewarded! Counting the delegations as 30 millions, the Company's last Financial Report gives 17 millions more as 'en caisse et en portefeuille,' in Paris and at Alexandria. So that there is now in hand, after all debts are paid, and on its own honest showing, upwards of 47 millions of francs. In view of this handsome balance above all obligations, who can refuse to the creators of the Suez Canal his Bravo! and Well Done!

In parting with the subject for the present, be it remembered that (1)—The first act of concession for a canal across the Isthmus dates from November 1854; (2)—that the second act of concession, putting the matter into form by

statute, was made on the 5th of January 1855; (3)—then succeeded a four years' course of surveys and works of preparation on which to ground an appeal for the subscription of capital; (4)—on the 26th June 1856, at Paris, began the publication of that fortnightly newspaper which has proved of great service to the cause, *L'Isthme de Suez*; (5)—the Canal Company was constituted at Paris in December 1858; (6)—the first ground was broken at Port Said on the 25th April 1859; (7)—the first general meeting of the stock-holders was on the 15th May 1860; (8)—the Mediterranean Sea was let in to the canal, and to within 18 miles of its southern terminus at Suez, in March 1869; (9)—the Red Sea entered and mingled with the Mediterranean on the 15th of August 1869, and on the 17th of November next the *fait accompli* is to be modestly offered to the world. Finally, before the next New Year's Day, the commerce of all nations is to be given the thoroughfare of an open and unlooked for highway, which in all ages they have wished for, but till now desired in vain.

I see that, at the last general meeting of the Canal Company in Paris, the *Fondateur*

M. Lesseps, quoted our friend, John O'B. Saunders with much satisfaction, and that the quotation drew from the entire audience 'bruyants applaudissements.' The closing sentence of it, I am sure you will pardon my giving here in the speaker's exquisite French. Mons. Lesseps thus reproduces the words of Mr. Saunders, of the Calcutta *Englishman*. 'No princes et nos vice-rois, nos généraux, nos ingénieurs et nos négociants ont visité les travaux du canal, et tous sont revenus impressionnés de la grandeur de l'entreprise, de l'habileté qu'on y a déployée et du succès obtenu. Liverpool est arrachée à son indifférence, Londres est éveillée de sa sécurité illusoire, et tous se préparent à la grande lutte qui s'avance tranquillement au devant d'eux et à laquelle toutes les nations doivent participer.' (Bruyants applaudissements). The navigation of the Red Sea, (1,200 miles in length) by vessels unaided by steam, is the question on which, for some years to come, must mainly turn the utility, or comparative uselessness, of the canal to England. Lieutenant Waghorn, Captain Harris and Captain Methuen are authorities quoted with so much confidence by M. Lesseps, and seriously doubted by so many of those whom I have supposed reliable

on this point, that I will give here the quoted words of Captain Methuen. He is still on the track, and able to reply to such as think him mistaken. He is quoted as saying that after fifteen years' experience in sailing up and down the Red Sea, without the help of steam, he now believes that sea to be 'la refuge de la navigation a voiles'; a first-rate place for sailing ships; with its sufficient breadth, its transverse winds (?), its regular breezes, its fair nights and absence of storms; so that it may well be navigated without steam throughout its 500 leagues (1,500 miles ?) of length and 1,200 leagues of coast. I hear strong objections to these facts; also that there is no anchorage; that sailing ships, with *auxiliary* screws and steam, do not pay; and that their shape forbids their being turned into good freight steamers.

In connection with the opening of the Great Eastern Isthmus of Suez one is naturally prompted to ask about the present state of the project for cutting a canal across the Great Western Isthmus of Panama; and thus giving to the commerce of the world a release, not merely from the shorter detour of the African Cape, but from the longer and more difficult rounding of

the stormy South-American Cape Horn. European access to the trade of China and Japan, Australia and India is ere long to be shortened by a water-junction, not of two seas, but of the two oceans. This opening will greatly excel in importance,—though it need not depreciate the benefits conferred upon civilisation and national intercourse by—the Suez Canal. Your readers are aware that, after numerous surveys of longer and shorter tracks for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, an act of incorporation has been given to a company who propose to do the work. The Hon'ble Caleb Cushing was deputed by the Government of the United States, as Chief Commissioner, not a great many months ago, and sent out to obtain such grants and concessions from local Governments at the Isthmus, as might be needed for this American highway of nations. If Mr. Cushing's report has been made public, you will hardly find it worth while to print the synopsis; however brief, that I now give you of Lacharme's survey of a track for this canal. Of such plans as I have seen, his way appears the most feasible. It is of value as showing the general features and difficulties of a water-road across a neck of land *traversed by hills*, in continuation of the

great Andes, the ' Western Ghauts ' of America, which give one entire back-bone to the two continents. To lift the largest ships over this ridge, or pass them through it by a cutting some 180 or 200 feet in depth, is the prime engineering difficulty of the American Canal. *Putnam's Monthly* for March 1869, (pages 330 to 340,) contains the full statement of what I here give in a few lines. Ship Canal, only 65 miles long, across the Isthmus of Darien (or Panama); (1)—Enter from the east, by the Gulf of Darien, the river Atrato, about twenty miles of which are navigable; (2)—cut thence about fifteen miles of canal, S. West to Paya; (3)—then fifty miles of Canal, W. N. West through the valley of the Tuyra, to the town of Real Viejo, direct; (4)—thence navigate the Tuyra a dozen miles to the Pacific Ocean, entering it by the Gulf of San Miguel, whose bar could be removed or kept open without serious difficulty. (5)—The one point of elevated land, which is near Paya, rises to the height of fifty-five metres, which is about one hundred and seventy-nine feet. (6)—The water-supply is abundant for feeders of the canal, and its locks; if locks be required; (7)—timber and stone are plenty; and, for feeding the laborers, an endless



supply of birds ' and monkeys ;' (8)—the climate Lacharme found to be salubrious, and without mosquitos. He says, the Panama Railway would assuredly have followed this route had it then been discovered : now, it is full of steep grades and sharp curves, and is a poor affair to have cost nearly eight millions of dollars. One great advantage of cutting the ship canal by this track, along the Tuyra and from the Gulf of Darien to the Gulf of San Miguel, will be a splendid natural harbor at each end ; on both the Atlantic and Pacific.

We are leaving Aden with an unexpected addition to our numbers of two hundred and seventy ' passengers,' each of whom, I understand, pays *two rupees* for his passage. And is Government *fed*, from Aden to Bombay, a distance of 1,664 miles. These people are Africans, stolen from their homes by Arab slavers, and rescued by English cruisers. Brought into Aden, they are thence transferred by the English Government, to India, for industrial education. This is surely a piece of beneficence, worthy to offset, in part, England's annual opium profits in China. These 270 Africans, assigned to our steamer *Neera* to-day, are *nearly all boys* between the ages of seven and fifteen. They are a

happy-looking lot of ebonies ;—with any amount of smiles and good-will. Their low-browed, furzy, woolly heads, partly shaven, are as round as cannon-balls. Our Commander, Captain Hanscom, tells me that our *Neera's* sister-ship, the *Magdala*, lately took to Bombay three hundred and fifty of these rescued slaves, and that some five or six hundred still remain at the depot in Aden, waiting to be transferred to Western India. I cannot say how many, but many Africans have, in years past, been sent to the care of Church Missonaries at the 'Sharnpur Orphanage,' near Nassick, on the G. I. P. Railway : and also to other missions in India. There they are taught to labor, according to their ability, and be useful. It was at Nassick that Dr. Livingstone found the men he chose to take on his last African expedition. You remember he had no white man with him. I could say a great deal of the comforts of the *Neera*, which charges us £40 fare instead of the P. and O. £60. We have been well satisfied with her and her Captain.

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No. XXV.

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**BOMBAY TO CALCUTTA**

**OVERLAND.**

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*Allahabad, October 14, 1869.*—Descending to 'The Garden' of the *Abbat Hotel*, in Alexandria, for early coffee, I met one of the P. and O. passengers, who had arrived during the night, and begged such information as he could give me concerning the journey Overland from Calcutta to Bombay. How much of it was by dâk and horse-flesh? Answer:—A little more than one hundred and sixty miles. Had he himself passed over this new way? Yes; just now; and by roughing it a little, he had found nothing to complain of. It was worth crossing by that way, if only to see the country. This was encouraging. But to a tough young Englishman, what 'roughing it' might be, remained to be further inquired into. In the entry of the *Abbat*, an hour afterwards, I was told by another Englishman, an 'old Indian' as I imagined, that there was no crossing yet by that track

unless one had plenty of time and money. He had not tried it, but he thought no common traveller would make the attempt. I knew, or thought I knew, better than this ; but concluded,—let the decision be made in Bombay. We were to be there in a couple of weeks, and no intelligent ‘ Duck’ could be in doubt about it. Time passed, and the question was put in Bombay, to a scholarly gentleman who had recently come across the country by that route. ‘ If you can possibly spare the time, go round to Calcutta by the coast steamers, he said, and don’t attempt it by dâk and rail.’ I now gave up my plan of seeing a friend at Ahmedabad, fifteen hours by rail *north* from Bombay, as not knowing what might be the fatigues in connection with the trip. On the next day, a good Scotch Padre at the ‘ Fort Hotel’ in Bombay, who had recently come from Calcutta by rail,—laughed at the idea of trouble or special fatigue from this route across India. He had greatly enjoyed it; had seen no cruelty to bleeding dâk-horses or bullocks; nor heard of their ‘ lying down in the road from sheer agony,’ of passengers ‘ having to untackle the horses and drag the carriage themselves over freshly gravelled places, or

wherever the ruts and mud were deep.' The way from Nagpore to Jubbulpore was a well-metalled Government road, and in good order when he passed over it, and all the rest was done in railway carriages, as comfortable as any in India. I resolved to try it, and here are my brief jottings while passing from Bombay east to Nagpore, 520 miles by rail; then from Nagpore, 162 miles north-north-east to Jubbulpore, by Howard's dâk; thence from Jubbulpore, 228 miles in the same direction, by rail to Allahabad and so on to Calcutta.

(1)—No one can pass over the two railways that make the east and west halves of this grand crossing, I mean the Great Indian Peninsula and the East India Railways, without seeing that Bombay cannot be, for long years, if ever, more than the *cotton* capital of India. From Bombay to Nagpore, 519 miles, a single track suffices, for half the way. Along the whole road there is not a town of any size. The *through* trains to Calcutta will not touch Nagpore, but will leave it a hundred and fifty miles away to the south. The air-line track from Bhosawul to Jubbulpore by Beerh, to be open in May and June next, will touch hardly a town that would be of a third or

fourth magnitude on the East India Railway. A heavy tide of surplus and exportable produce must always pour down the great Gangetic Valley ; crowding river and rail, and demanding a return importation and *quid pro quo* up the river and up the railways of this richest centre of all India. While the rivers keep their south-eastern course, this must all pour back and forth through Calcutta. Bombay has not now, and there is no promise that she ever will have, a run of commerce, excepting in the one article of cotton, which will enable her to stand her ground against Calcutta. Until the natural sweep of the great Gangetic Valley can be reversed, Bombay, the postal and cotton centre of British India, lordly Bombay, with its wholly unequalled harbor, must be content to look up to Calcutta, confess the inalienable rights of her position, and say, 'this is the heir.' Such is the impression I record as due to a trip, across-lots, from Bombay to Calcutta.

(2)—Next let me set side by side the cost of reaching Calcutta from Bombay by rail, and the cost of time and money to bring one to Calcutta by steamer, coast-wise. *As to time.*—By Rail, Overland, you have 27 hours from Bombay to

Nagporè. [N. B.—In seven or eight months, it will not be much more than 27 hours from Bombay to Jubbulpore; perhaps 30 or 35 hours.] We shall then altogether avoid the present penance of 30 hours by dâk, from Nagpore to Jubbulpore. You have 10 hours from Jubbulpore to Allahabad, and 28 hours from Allahabad to Calcutta. This gives, for *time*, a total of hours ninety-five against hours four hundred and fifty-six, or nineteen days, required to come round the coast in one of the 'India General' steamers.

Next *as to cost*: the entire Overland trip from Bombay to Calcutta (which I am concluding while I pencil you these words) has cost me Rs. 146, including eighty Rupees for my horse-dâk of 160 odd miles this side of Nagpore. This dâk I have only called a penance as compared with the Railway. Of its comforts I shall speak presently. Allowing for stops, we have, in the one case, nineteen days and in the other five days, or less. For the five days' trip to Calcutta I have paid Rs. 146 in fares alone, and for the 19 days' trip I could not have come as comfortably for less than Rs. 350. The sea trip is, 2,171 miles, and the land trip, excluding the dâk, 1,367 miles. For all these miles of *rail* the full fare paid, (second-

class with usually an entire seat to sleep on) *sixty-six rupees*. So much for the time and money cost of the two journeys.

(3)—Now a word of the Overland trip and its trials. These must be given a little in detail. The south-west monsoon, unusually prolonged this year, made it desirable to get out of Bombay, to escape the steamy sweltering heat, and seek the air of the ghâts. I chose a second-class carriage as the most airy and the cheaper. I found everything comfortable; and room in the compartment for double our number. Half of us were white men, and the remainder, well-dressed Hindoos and Parsees; and these Natives soon got out. My ten days in Bombay were marked by more than one refutation of the charge that Hindoo politeness goes out in words. A Hindoo Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, one of several native gentlemen who had done me generous service, took me in his carriage to the Station and stayed to see me off. Parsee gentlemen were equally kind.

Steaming northwards out of the city, one reads a lesson of somebody's unfaithfulness, certainly not that of natives, in a bright red line of locomotives, ordered out some years ago, and never set up. There they glisten in a row,



half a mile long, on a side track, to the number of not less than fifty, a nearly useless waste of money. I asked an officer of the line if they were likely to come into use. He replied, that during the last three years several of them had been partly used, piecemeal, to mend old locomotives, but it was quite possible that new styles would come in before they would be required. What was the cost of this job? 'Not less than ten lacs of Rupees, Sir: the Government guarantee stimulates us to spend all we can, on the road.' It set me to musing on the hackneyed words, 'What cheats these natives are;' and again on these, even more familiar, *viz.*, 'Whosoever does the will of my Father, he is my brother.' But a truce to thoughts : you want only facts.

From Bombay to Nagpore, more than one-third of the way to Calcutta, I paid twenty-five Rupees, (second-class,) and was as comfortable as one could wish. The total distance, as I said, is 519 miles and the time 27 hours. Along this track they have begun to use the new 'key,' a spiral roll of rod-iron some 8 inches long—by which the rails are locked into their 'chairs' more securely than by the ordinary billet of wood which, shrinking and swelling with drought and wet, is liable to be dis-

placed. I had left Bombay at one o'clock P. M.,—with no eatables laid in but a comb of rich red plantains. About five, and during a ten minutes' halt at Tanna, there was handed into the window a cup of tea, hot and well-tempered, with plenty of tiny English biscuits, and fair sponge-cake. The air of the hills too, quite as cool as one could wish was a great relief, not to say a treat. I should not omit to mention that, at 3-40 P. M., as you begin to ascend, double-engined, the Thull Ghat incline, your eye is struck by a freak of nature, as grand as it is singular, and which deserves a name. The glorious hills, hereabout, tinkling with a hundred water falls, shut you in. Not more than three or four miles off, on the northern horizon, is a gap or gorge, in whose midst stand loftily up three natural monuments. The middle one is a cone-capped shaft, like a light-house, and on either side of it is an obelisk, apparently taller than Cleopatra's, and only a little less regular. If attention has already been called to these notable and wholly natural columns, I am not aware of it. Evidently these hills wear their cloudy night-caps all day. Dashes of rain touch us now and then, as we go up and up. Plenty of butterflies, some of them superb and rare. Of birds, the star-winged

Máhina of Bengal seems, next to the mouse-necked Crow, the most common; though hardly more so than the Ring-dove and the scissor-tailed Dipper-bird, of iridescent jet, continually flitting away, and then returning to rest a bit, on the telegraph wires. On every hand nature rejoices in all possible shades of green; from the richest golden to the deepest 'invisible.'

We check our speed and pass gingerly over all bridges except the 'iron-girder' ones. There are but few of these as yet; but (Christian faithfulness again!) these so massive-looking stone ones will none of them pass muster. 'They must all come down,' says an officer of the road, our fellow-traveller. We disconnect one of our two locomotives whenever we approach a bridge, and send it over first alone, as a creeper or feeler. A hedge of the candelabra-cactus guards the track on both sides. It is an improvement on the *cobra* cactus, the broad-leaved one, which hedges railways in the Madras Presidency; alternating there with the clumsy sword-aloe, an American importation. Plenty of green birds, skim along banks on banks of wild flowers white and gold, blue, carmine and all colors. Some of the torrents are almost blood-red,

showing iron in the soil. Our road ricochets like tape on a letter-rack: and around the shorter curves there are three rails instead of two. One is laid so close to the off-rail that the two together almost bite the flange of the wheel. Our conductor calls it *the guard rail*. This shows a care for passengers' bones, said to be rare in India; but they do better yet, on the Great Indian Peninsula, where they are also stone-lining such bridges as need not to be wholly renewed of iron.

We are this moment running parallel to the old Government Road which was once the only highway up the ghâts. It seems in good order, with plenty of teams driving over it. Now we rattle across the highest viaduct of all, and an iron-girder bridge rings and roars under us, at a height of sixty feet above the torrent. Woodland, bluff and plain sweep far down and away before the eye. On the highest point of the Thull Ghât, at Egutpoorah, we are agreeably surprised, about sunset, by so good a dinner, that all thoughts of 'roughing it' are drowned in a general commendation of our purveyor, Nanoobhoy. Off again at dark, or about half-past six. At 5½ the next morning, we open our eyes upon a lovely day, with abundance of clouds, and a cool wind from

the west : all the better for a quiet night's sleep at a full stretch out. It was delightful to find a thick overcoat 'none too warm at night, with Fahrenheit below 70°, at this short distance from Bombay. To-day we have wholly parted with yesterdays' rocks and waterfalls, and there is no sign of a hill anywhere. Far as the eye can reach lie fields of cotton just breaking into bloom. Nearly every van at the stations seems to be devoted to the Bombay staple, and is marked as a 'Cotton Waggon.'

The jowarree and other crops grow well in this dark, rich soil. The Railway stations along the track to-day remind one of England, by the care taken to grow beds of flowers, and run up gorgeous creepers wherever they can be set. It would not be amiss to give the traveller that loves flowers (and who does not ?) a chance to deposit something, for prizes, to the most pains-taking of these road-side gardeners. Beside the rose and the balsam, one sees here at every station a plant, tied to a stick, which is more useful than ornamental : and is marked,—amid dashes of scarlet, with its name on a well-polished brass plate 'Berar Police Constable.' As we come within a hundred miles of Nagpore, we see, far away in the

blue, a low line of hills. These excepted, all else is level as a prairie, and almost as treeless, with the larger half of it under cultivation: Note that the track is double from Boshwul to Bombay and single from Boshwul to Nagpore, 240 miles; which latter portion will form no part of the main track between Calcutta and Bombay. It is hoped that the increased culture of cotton will double this also, in due time. Leaving Bombay at one o'clock, Thursday noon, you reach Nagpore at four on Friday afternoon, with as much of comfort and as little annoyance, and as great variety of things to see, as on any railroad in India.

Now comes the tug of war; the horse-dāk portion of the journey, which costs more than all the rest of the 1,530 miles, and covers only 164 miles; i.e., if second-class railway fares suffice, as they did in the present case. With this dāk penance in prospect I was consoled by the thought of a *four-fold* provision and liberty of choice. These were the swift mail-cart, the slow bullock wagon, Howard's horse-dāk and the Government horse-dāk. Why the Government should have set up a dāk of its own, instead of subsidising, and so enlarging Howard's, I have never learned. Half a mile beyond the Nagpore Station, westwards, you

find the Post Office. Only two gharries were to be had there, both of which looked heavy, roomy and strong ; and for each of these the charge was Rs. 100 to Jubbulpore, Half a mile further on, you find Howard's hotel and dâk. Here the charge is Rs. 80 to Jubbulpore, in four-wheeled gharries, less comfortable as to room, but sufficient for a stretch-out after you have learned to put your head in a corner, and your feet under the driver's seat, and have resolved on solitude. Here you are, then,—one passenger, and the allowed weight of baggage 180lbs. A common time of making the trip in this conveyance is about thirty hours ; and it is hard to say why Howard's placards announce it as twenty-four. His own officials tell you that it is never done in less than twenty-six. In my case it was twenty-nine, though the horses, or tattoos as it chanced, were often, and without much whipping, cantered from post to post at the *rate* of twelve or even fourteen miles an hour, for two or three hours at a time. Horses are changed every four or five miles ; and the loss of time is due to the slowness of bringing out and tackling up and starting the poor beasts. All of them seem under-fed, and few will move, at first, without a good deal of *mera*

*beta ! humara bhai ! ai bahádoor*, and *chábuck* encouragement. It was only at those one or two steep places in the road, where, in wet weather or when the roads are soft, they commonly take on bullocks,—that extreme severity appeared, or any blood was drawn. It then came more by accident than intention, and after milder measures had been tried in vain. We turned down a bank, at one point, to escape collision with a Government Mail Cart, the driver of which did not appear to be drunk.

By far the larger part of the road was in excellent order. Those who know Madras roads, and have seen how they are made hard as iron, and almost as smooth, by a dressing of *laterite*, have only to understand that most of this road is *laterite*, and they will readily believe that there was on it no such thing as a rut. There was hardly a wheel-mark, no dust and no mud. There are two, rather troublesome, ferries, one rupee each, where you lose much time, but are at last safely over. The second of these crosses the Nerbudda, about five miles south of your *dák* journey's end; and between the north bank of the Nerbudda and Jubbulpore—look out for your bones! This small portion of the 164 miles is



badly cut up by excessive use and heavy teams. As to giving *buxees* on the road, you are advised that it is contrary to the rules of the Company ; but promptness and vigor are so rare in India, that, in the exceptional cases, one can hardly help rewarding it.

At the half-way Dâk Bungalow, i. e., at Seeonee, expect a really comfortable breakfast and bath, with all the appliances; good tea, a fair chop, fresh eggs, et cetera. Leave Nagpore at or near sunset, and Seeonee greets you with the rising of the morrow's sun. At the other bungalows look for cheap tea, and 'sudden death,' if you choose it, and can wait.

It must be confessed that after your twenty-eight or thirty hours in the wagon, you take kindly to Kellner at Jubbulpore, his clean bedding and abounding fare; while thoughts of yesterday whisper in your bones that 'past labors are pleasant.' Then all is smooth sailing to Calcutta. Jubbulpore has nothing to be proud of in the way of hills. A ripple and suggestion of hills rises here and there, and gives relief to an eye accustomed to the dead level of Lower Bengal. The average of heat is lower here than at Allaha-bad, and the visitor may rely on much cooler

nights. They also dispense with punkahs, six weeks earlier than we can do it in Calcutta. Since the death of Palmer, whose hotel has been for some years a favorite at Jubbulpore, Kellner has taken 'Palmer's,' and is keeping it neat and sweet and up to Calcutta style, as far as his surroundings will permit, with better milk and butter for the *baba-logue*, and ice from Allahabad. He has 26 sleeping-rooms, and Mr. Haegert, his gentlemanly manager, tells me that Rupees 120 a month cover all, or five rupees a day; less than a day, *a la carte*. The railway fares cannot deter an invalid from coming thus far, for a change of air. He should bear in mind, however, that during and after the rains, a good deal of water lies on the levels and among these low hills, and makes the air as damp as it is cool. Several hundred Europeans reside here; and the neat brick bungalows of the Railway people, half a hundred of them and all alike, make an important section of the town. How many of them will be 'for rent' after May next, when the trains are to run through from Calcutta to Bombay, I had not time to ask. Round by the road-way Kellner's is two-thirds of a mile from the station; but, across-lots, is quite

accessible on foot. Enquiring for the lions, I was told of 'The marble rocks;' but these were eleven miles away. As to game, I saw only turtle-doves, herons, and alligators. Naturally enough, everything is now dressed in the richest green, and every knoll is densely wooded. The *tout ensemble* is that of a land flowing with milk and honey. So much for Jubbulpore. The rest of the way up to the metropolis is fairly comfortable; though just now, by reason of the inundation, hundreds of square miles are under water.

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## APPENDIX.

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*The Bengali in London, by Rev. C. H. A. Dall, A.M.*

WE chronicle with pleasure the opening of the winter session of the Bethune Society, on Thursday evening. These popular lectures have been established for nearly a quarter of a century. The attractiveness of the subject filled the Medical College Theatre, notwithstanding the pressure of the University examinations. Maps and Photographs were liberally provided by the lecturer, who used them conversationally, and thus added not a little to the enjoyment and instruction of the evening. After the usual preliminaries,—in the absence of Mr. Justice Phear, the president, through indisposition,—the Rev. K. M. Banergea of the Calcutta University, was called to the chair, and the lecturer began :

Mr. President,—Friends and Fellow members of the Bethune Society, Ladies and Gentlemen ;

If I am to give to-night, to our enterprising brothers of Bengal, any clear vision of what it is to leave India,—cross Europe,—visit and study

England,—and return to duty here,—with a wealth of manhood otherwise unattainable,—there is work in hand for this brief hour, which precludes allusion to the gratitude with which your lecturer to-night accepts the high honor of opening this winter's course, by standing up to do—according to his ability,—what has been so nobly done heretofore, by men no less honored than Bishop Cotton, Major Malleson, and Alexander Duff ;—not to name our faithful President, Judge Phear (detained from us to-night by a slight illness,)—and others, who have labored, without reward, to do us good.

It is a high privilege,—and one of the most refining enjoyments, for a Bengali—brave and true—to see England and the Great West ; including New England, ten days further west than her old mother. It seems to me that a Divine Providence, who, age by age is giving men fresh revelations of His will, has made it more than a glad privilege,—even a high and solemn duty—for Indian patriots of Aryan blood to know their rulers : to go and see for themselves, who these men are, that now command the destinies this empire. Indians should know why this is *British* India. England, dear old England, your

mother and mine,—invites you to come and see her. She asks all her children Hindoo, American, and all, to come and see and realize her wealth of hospitality and beneficence;—and yet more, her wealth of hard-earned character. You are her adopted children. Her home is your home. Say not then that you don't wish to go home. But home with you; as fast as you can! It is at once, I say, your privilege and your duty. Your duty to yourselves as men, and to your country, your India, and especially to your beautiful Bengal.

I lately met a Hindoo, who, I think was a Brahmin, near Temple Bar in London, and he had *worked* his way thither. He had left Calcutta with but ten rupees, and, very comfortably, had reached London with more than that sum in his pocket. He had simply realized the adage that where there's a will there's a way—by acting as a waiter on the tables, a steward, in one of Green's ships round the Cape. Brave fellow; you honor his courage!

Bengali gentlemen are, every year, coming more and more into official positions in this country, of which high trusts they mean to be worthy.

I read the other day in a published letter, that in Burmah, while the King is doing nobly, his subordinate officials are—what?—‘a desperate set of impracticable, conceited ignoramuses.’ May Bengal escape such an infliction ! And, to make assurance doubly sure, let her aspirants to office go,—I will not say if possible, (all things are possible to the brave and the believing !) go and see the home of the Queen of this Empire and without fail the King of European capitals.

I was told recently, that there were in that city, fifty natives of Bengal, studying law and medicine, and for the Civil Service, including ten or a dozen Mahomedans. I met about a third of them. Bombay, our city of merchants, has resident there, a goodly number of Parsees ; and even Japan has, of her sons, 30 students in London.

‘ The Bengali in London : ’—What is London ?

I answer, a vast conglomerate of towns. There is a Bill now before Parliament to re-construct the plan of London, and reduce it into ten cities. At present, as you know, London has in its heart a small city, (governed by a Council and Lord Mayor,) which is attempting to govern out-lying suburb towns many times larger than itself. The plan is to re-arrange all London under ten asso-

ciated, yet separate and self-governed municipalities. Convenience will be, to some extent, the dictator of boundaries, but each of the ten municipalities will include about 300,000 inhabitants. At present, the city proper holds but 130,000 people. It covers hardly more than 2,000 beegahs of ground; or exactly 723 acres. All London covers 112 times as great an area as the city of London: not 700 but 80,000 acres. The cost of governing London city is some two millions sterling a year; but to keep all London in order and good trim, costs £17,000,000. Mr. Buxton's Bill would distribute all London as follows:—Of *thousands* of people he would give to Westminster 260; to Chelsea 200; to Marylebone 473; to Finsbury 423; to Hackney and the Tower, (these two together) 710 (thousand); to Lambeth 320; to Southwark 204; to Greenwich 193; and to the city 130. London will then consist, not of twenty-four towns, as some have reckoned it, including Hampstead, Islington, Hoxton, Newington, and many more towns not enumerated in the ten; but henceforth of only these, Westminster, Chelsea, Marylebone, Finsbury, Hackney, and the Tower, Lambeth, Southwark, Greenwich, and the City.



At first sight London strikes you as less beautiful than Paris. It takes time to discover the beauties of London. She does not come out and show herself as Paris does. 'The popular will is ultimately supreme in England'—and this does not add palace to palace, and barrack to barrack, in endless lines of architecture, as in Paris and Constantinople. You see at a glance the difference between the will of a constitutional Queen, *your* Queen—and the fiat of the Sultan.

It was only after repeated visits,—and several stays, of months at a time, in London, that I began to see the city—with her palaces, her hospitals, her churches, her monuments, and her magnificent parks, unsurpassed (excepting the great 8,000 acre park at Berlin)—by any continental capital. So much and so briefly for London.

Now, what of her visitation by young Bengal? Not many days ago—I asked of a company of Bengali friends—older and younger,—among whom were some that hope to see London before they die,—what they wished to know about it. A dozen questions were then put to me; and I may please and serve you better by answering these actual questions of Bengalis, than by inventions of my own.

I was asked by my native friends ;—

1.—*What is the best way to London, and its cost in time and money ?*

On these two maps before you,—of Asia and of Europe,—you may see the way. You discover, at a glance, how much is saved, in distance, time and money, by taking the railroad to Bombay, which is to be completed in a few months. You will thus save five or six days in time, between Calcutta and Suez. The splendid steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company take you, first class, from Calcutta to Suez, for Rs. 800, in 24 days. This includes a trip down the Bay of Bengal, in 70 hours to Madras ; 24 hours there, during which you may take a drive about the city, one of the largest in India. Then, by the east side of the great coffee-island of Ceylon, in 57 hours, you may reach one of the prettiest, though not the best of Indian harbors ; that of the cinnamon and nutmeg town of Point de Galle—a city of rendezvous for China, Australia, and India travellers ; and there you spend 24 hours. Then you have a fine sweep of nine or ten days' steaming, (contract time 225 hours,) by the Indian Ocean and sea of Arabia, to Aden ; a human nest, built in the wildest crags of extinct volcanoes. Ramble and

climb among these to your heart's content, and in 24 hours you are off again, due west, to the gate of the Red Sea, the Bab el Mandeb. The length of the Red Sea, from the Bab (or Gate) to Suez, is, by ship's reckoning, 1218 miles.

Do you care to remember that the exact distance from Calcutta to Suez, as declared by the P. & O. Company, is 4650 miles, and that their steamers are bound to run  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, contract speed; and to rest one full day at each of the three intermediate ports, Madras, Ceylon and Aden. With a little arithmetic between the miles and the hours, you can easily tell where you will be at any given hour of the voyage: the hours at sea, between ports, being, respectively 70, 57, 225, and 138. On my last trip, I left our Sand Heads at 6 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday; reached Madras, the following Saturday at 4 P. M., Galle (Ceylon) on the next Wednesday at 1 A. M.;—Aden on the next Saturday but one, at 10 A. M., and Suez on the Saturday following at 4 A. M. Such is the way taken, up to the present time, by nearly all who journey from Calcutta towards London. On reaching Suez, though you are not yet in Europe, the burden and trials of the sea are over; or nearly so. *My way from Calcutta to Suez, is,*

by rail to Bombay, 2nd class, 50 Rs., 4 day's time :—from Bombay, 1st class, on 'Stearns' line,' 400 Rs., 18 days. Thence I have been to Trieste, 100 Rs., 3 days. Thence across Europe to London, through Paris 70 Rs; time 3 or 4 days.

Now I think you see the way to London. You have its cost in money, for fares alone, Rs. 620. and to this I add 5 or 6 rupees a day, for 5 days, for Hotels and gharries; say 30 Rs. in all; and I reach London for Rs. 650.

Let me add, that you can reach the London of *America*, across the Atlantic, which is New York, in eight or nine days more of time, and 150 Rs. more money, first class,—by steam-ships as fine as those of the P. and O. And I trust that no real Bengali Aryan, like our good Keshub, for example, will lay out half a year for England, without giving two months to the newest and best part of England, New England and the United States. If you wish to escape the severity and cut-throat air of an English winter, take wing to New York and Baltimore, and be welcomed there, from December to March. There your plumage and voice will be rarer and even more admired than in Britain. Your first question then is answered. Only bear in mind that

there are a dozen ways across Europe, along which you meet the capital cities of many christian nations, with all their libraries, museums and galleries of art. You will therefore vary your route every time you cross the continent, whether going or returning; and tarry some days in each capital; where the average cost of living hardly approaches what it is in England. The remaining questions may be much more briefly answered.

2.—*Are there any dangers : is there anything to fear, on the passage ?*

*Ans:—*You are safer in a storm, at sea, than on land. You make friends and are always with a party of fellow-travellers. So there is really no more to fear, than in journeying, by water or rail, from this city to Benares.

3.—*What nations do we see on the way ; and hear what languages ?*

On these two maps you have your answer. You skirt the south and west shores of Arabia, as you pass over the sea of Arabia, and up the Red Sea. Of this country of the Arabs you see nothing, and touch it only at Aden, where the Somalis from the African coast are plenty, but the Arabs make themselves scarce. Of the other countries, be-

tween this and England, you get but a glimpse, unless you have time and money to stay there and study them. The old delay of a day or two in Egypt has been superseded by the opening of the Suez Canal. From Suez, where you first touch Egypt, you may run over by rail, less than 100 miles, to Cairo; and there meet the Arabic language, and see the oldest and grandest of monumental remains, in the Pyramids. Ordinarily you will go up the Canal to Port Said, and thus see little more of Egypt, than you do of Arabia. Alexandria is the chosen city of the Khedive, and promises to recover something of its ancient splendor. You have far grander capitals at hand, however, and will decide on your route through Europe, before you leave Port Said. Many ways now invite you. You can cross the continent by Constantinople and the Bosphorus; by Trieste and the Adriatic; by Brindisi and Venice; or by Malta, Marseilles and Paris. Or you can pass, by the old Pillars of Hercules, out of the Mediterranean, and so round by the longest and dullest of all the ways, to Southampton. It is a comfort to know that the only language absolutely necessary to you is English. The Americans and the English being

golden cosmopolites, you will hardly find a decent hotel—even of second or third-rate pretensions, which does not keep at least one English-speaking employé. You will find it awkward not to know a little German and French, or Italian. Phrase-books in plenty are at hand, in which you have all that your necessities in baggage-rooms, food-saloons and at the ticket-offices will demand. Only be sure that you master, before-hand, the continental and unenglish sound of the vowels. They are nearly the same in all European tongues except the English, and may be learned in an hour. It is clear that German, French and Italian are to be more and more studied in India. They are not hard to learn; at least for a Bengali,—whose forte is language. May I say that, but for a facility, such as it is, in these three languages, I should often, in Italy, Germany or France, have missed much precious seeing and knowing, and have been almost as badly off as a man, deaf and dumb. Good books, like Murray's Guides, and Bradshaw's, describing all that is seen, or to be seen—are in your familiar English. Get a good (traveller's) map of Europe, showing the most recently opened railways, *et cetera*, and you are posted as to the nations and tongues—on your way.—

4.—*When Bengalies reach England, how do they stand the climate?*

*Ans* :—I answer, admirably—for the first year or two; after which they must take good care of themselves. The change from the torrid heats of India to the Temperate Zone is the finest possible alterative; and a year or so in Old England or New England, so far as Bengalies have tried it, seems to have done only good. The effect of cold air, with sun-shine and exercise, is wonderfully exhilarating. It gives you wings; and you want to jump over the moon. The first Brahmin who visited New England, when he saw the thermometer  $32^{\circ}$  below the freezing point, ran out, incontinently, to try and freeze his ears. Unfortunately Old England is defrauded, by Neptune, of half her share of sunshine. You must wear woolen all the year; and then, may seldom be without a rough throat, or a slight catarrh. Your first acquaintance with the climate of England I think will be a pleasant one.

5.—*What is the course of the seasons in England: and what fruits has she to offer?*

*Ans* :—In England expect, not your own six seasons but barely four. These run strangely into each other; winter often pitching into



summer, and *vice versa*. I have heard Englishmen in London say that one week, or a fortnight, of summer was "all they could expect. Yet the months of September and October are often the cream of their year. There are excellent fruits, in England; and she is justly proud of her peaches raised in hot-houses. Her pine-apples, so raised, are of the best. She imports her finest apples from New York, and her pears from France. Some of the smaller fruits, such as the gooseberry and the strawberry, are nearly perfected by the English gardener's art:—which you will not be long in discovering to be a high art; especially in landscape-gardening and flowers.

6.—*How are Bengalies treated by the English in England?*

I reply, Here you are too many; there you are scarce. You know the difference between a glut and scarcity of any article in the market, and the consequent difference of value set on the thing. You know how Lord Canning treated Bengalies? And Sir Bartle Frere? and Mr. Laing; and how you are dealt with by the good Justice, our permanent President. You may fairly judge, by these instances, of your welcome and first greeting in England. But remember that whatever

you really are, will soon appear. Understand that character is always known. Lead sinks and oil rises. An ounce will always weigh an ounce and a pound balance a pound.

7.—*Do Bengalies stay in one part of London, or reside far from each other ?*

*Ans* :—There is, as yet, no *Bengali-tolah* ; and convenience dictates the place to home at. All is free as in Calcutta ; and freer to you.

8.—*What are their domestic habits ; Do they live mainly on rice ? or take English food ?*

*Ans* :—Rice is abundant and not costly in England : and each one suits himself in his food. *Chacun a son gout.*

9.—*Do they continue to wear Hindoo clothing : or do they dress like Englishman ?*

*Ans* :—I have here ‘*carte de visite*’ photographs of some of my Bengali friends, kindly given me in London. You see how they dress ; more warmly than in Bengal, yet not as Englishmen, but mainly as they did in Calcutta.

10.—*What can they do when short of money ?*

*Ans* :—Draw on the banker there, with whom their provident guardians here have made arrangements beforehand. In default of such wise arrangements, borrow—and quarrel. But no.

You are never far from friends, like Sir John Bowring for instance, one of the trustees of the Gilchrist fund. 'If a hitch occurs, which should not occur, advise with one or other of such friends. He will do anything reasonable to hold you up, till your new letter of credit arrives. As a general rule, admitting of rare exceptions, neither borrow nor lend.

11.—*What of their intercourse with English ladies? Are they bidden out, socially, to meet persons of both sexes: and do English ladies draw them into conversation?*

Ans:—After their recent signal victory in the Civil Service examinations, I may name here the two more prominent victors, Babus R. C. Dutt and B. L. Gupta. If I remember rightly, I met both these gentlemen at Mrs. Manning's receptions, in Victoria St. London, S.W. They were enjoying and improving themselves in the elegant society of that sweet English home. On these occasions, a majority of the company were ladies, and not a few of them young ladies. The babus seemed to be delighting themselves in the realization that there is no sex in character, no sex in mind. Mrs. Manning as you should know, is the talented writer on 'Ancient and Mediæval

India,' who has just issued a second and richly illustrated edition of that work of hers, in two octavo volumes ; and who was in 1856, known to us, through her first edition, as Mrs. Speir. I have met babus also at Sir John Bowring's, under similarly pleasing conditions of welcome. I could mention others, in and out of London, who are always glad to see men who mean to be men, and patriots. Englishmen seldom lose the man in his accidents. Let me confess that what most impressed me at such times, and lifted my hopes very high towards the All Father, was the fact that Bengalis were discovering a perfectly safe and holy freedom for woman, in all her social movements and her choosings, her studies, and her conversation ; a freedom which must one day come to all the daughters of that One Father, the world over. Yes, that, and better : even a liberty of will, as *free* as the soul of each child is *bound* to Him in worship, and in service of his children. The realization of this great truth, this law, is, of itself, worth a visit to England.

12.—*Do Bengalis in England see the Queen : and can they speak to her ?*

*Ans :—*While only the highly privileged can personally address the Queen ;—she may be seen

and approached almost within arm's length, as she drives in the parks; which she frequently does, at the right season of the year.

You will find some readable gossip and useful information concerning things seen, and to be seen, while crossing Europe toward London,—in a couple of dozen letters of the *Englishman's* 'Roving Correspondent.' They are just now issued in a stout pamphlet, which I think is worth its rupee, to the traveller.

Let this pleasant hour close with a word of warning, concerning the dangers, not of the sea nor of the road, but of Indian contact with Life in England. In view of this, let me beg you to use exemplary patience in studying English life;—that patience which seems characteristic of the Hindoo. English life, at first, you are sure, in some points, to misunderstand. I beseech you, on arriving there to adopt no hurried conclusions regarding it. Oh that you could know—how *little* you know of its essential qualities—its real constituents! You see how few Englishmen or Americans understand Hindoos! Yet most of these have travelled 1000 miles to your one. They have come into contact with divers races of men, that you, as yet, have had no chance to study.

Now, no man lives up to his ideal. We all see further than we go. We know better than we do. It belongs to the best things to be the worst abused. Great vices grow among great virtues. Ah me ! cost what it may of danger (nothing risk nothing win,) you have got to realize the appalling difference between the ideal and the actual, even in the most highly educated and Christian lands. It takes time to do this : and some,—the impatient, the prejudiced, or those of feeble powers of judgment,—will never do it ; will never learn it. One illustration from Missions. It appears in the fact of the abandonment of the plan of sending home their converts from heathen lands, into the heart of Christendom—to be trained for some years, and then sent back to Africa ; or to christianize their fellows in China, or India, or the Sandwich Islands. An experiment of this sort, has been made more than once. An attempt to make Christians of the feeble-minded by bringing them into contact with actual Christendom, was made by The American Board at the quiet town of Canaan, in Connecticut, (U. S. of America,) a quarter of a century ago. I know not how many countries of the world were represented in that Mission Home. I presume, not less than a dozen.

heathen tribes and nations. Some years' trial proved that the hoped-for good was not likely to be accomplished ; and the project was reluctantly, and, I may say, tearfully given up. If I be rightly informed, one disgusted Indian gentleman is now educating his sons in London, so as to make it impossible that they ever shall be Christians. Before he had lived in London, he was quite willing they should be Christians. So he told me. But now, for him, it is Mahomed and not Christ. Those who say that sending a Bengali to London is sure to spoil him—are less hopeful than I. Ram Mohun Roy was not spoiled there. Nor have I heard that the princely merchant Dwarkanath Tagore was morally ruined by going to London. Nor do I think that another son of Bengal, my fellow traveller, now of Chota Nagpore, was spoiled by his close observation of English life during his year of residence at London University ; nor by the generous treatment he received from Professors Martineau and Tayler ; and from Max Müller, Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Charles Wood. The same sunshine gives increase of life to one plant, and death and putrescence to another. Bengalis, you must take your chance !—Only be wise, careful, patient,

discriminating observers,—and I have no fear for you. Into the water you must go, or you can never learn to swim.

‘ All that other folks can do’

‘ Why,—with patience, may not you ?’

I would not be the man to keep you here in Bengal tied to your mother’s finger, and sucking your thumb. The child that sees none-but his own family, remains a child all his life. It is not enough to see Hindoos,—and know them: You must know other men—‘and the *otherest*.’ (as Emerson says).

Doubtless London is—to say the least of it—the ‘ Grand Hotel of the Universe.’ It is the Parliament of man. The North and South Pole touch, in London. The East and the West are there—and the four corners of creation. Australia meets Labrador, and Calcutta Toronto. More to our purpose—here meet the Bengali and the Saxon, the man of worship and the man of will. Be true to yourselves, be not imitators nor plagiarists, neither monkeys nor parrots, but be *simply true* to what God has given you. Palms ! try not to be oaks ; and you’ve nothing to fear : you are sure to find a welcome in Europe, *surer* than in Asia. Here you are but flocks of crows. There a Bengali gentleman is a rare



bird. Honor and Simplicity make all men one. *Refinement of soul* admits you, without fail, to all good company: Crude humanity hates crude humanity everywhere: and the snob ever grinds the snob. Have a true soul and all true souls are yours.

I have tried to show you London, with its welcome to Bengal. The Gilchrist Fund, as you know, is but one of many bridges built for you, from India to England, by Englishmen, your friends. The time is near when no man will be considered of finished education,—who has not been at least once, round the world. I think, then, we must begin from to-night to admit to the highest caste of men, at this end of the earth, I say to the Brahminical priest-hood of Indian scholars, being fully educated Bengalis,—only those who come back unspoiled by some years of travel through Europe, and a self-denying, self-culturing residence in London.

‘My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind’ seems to have been, practically, the life-motto of our recently deceased brother Grish Chunder Ghose. The earth is ours, because it is our Father’s. What matter where, if I be still a man? True men have one home on earth, as they have one God on high.









